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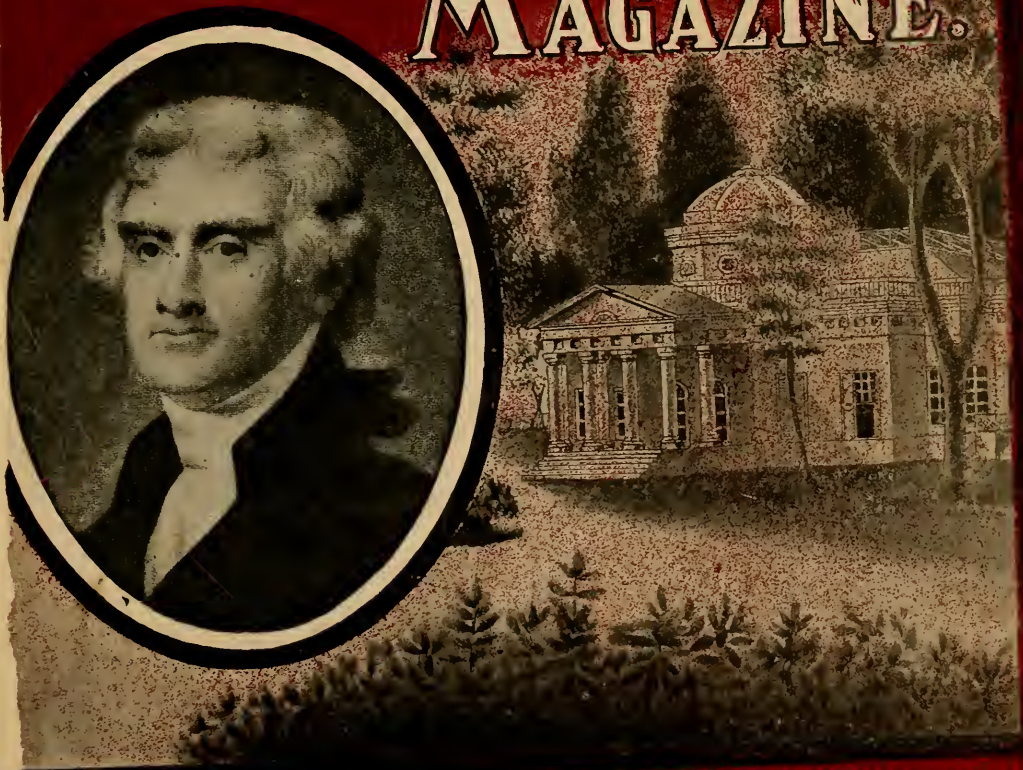

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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. II JULY, 1908 No. 7

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Published Monthly by

THOS. E. WATSON

$1.50 Per Year Temple Court Building, Atlanta, Ga. 15 Cents Per Copy

Entered as second class matter December 21, 1906, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Ga.

A WHISPER AMONG THE ROSES

A whisper among the roses astir,
  A memory felt like a soul's caress,
Where lingers the sacred presence of her.

For here in her garden two worlds confer:
  She stoops from far portals, a prophetess,
A whisper among the roses astir.

Enfolded in sweetness of days that were,
  My bosom is eased of ache and of stress
Where lingers the sacred presence of her.

It shakes not the dew on the gossamer,
  But moves my heart to its deepest recess,—
A whisper among the roses astir.

Love waits here, the world's one interpreter;
  I feel the fond soothing of hands that bless
Where lingers the sacred presence of her.

A message that passes the barrier,
  A white soul's word that no speech can express,
A whisper among the roses astir
Where lingers the sacred presence of her.

—Stokely S. Fisher.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. II JULY, 1908 No. 7

Editorials

THE GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA

It was not until after the Georgia State-campaign was over that it attracted much attention abroad. The defeat of Governor Hoke Smith by "Little Joe" Brown came upon the country so unexpectedly that it immediately set outsiders to asking how the thing happened.

From time immemorial it has been the custom for the candidate who got left to put forth a statement in which he appeared as a heroic martyr to wicked and overwhelming circumstances. In following this time-honored precedent, Governor Smith has merely furnished one more bit of testimony going to show that he is human. Since he is about the only governor our State has ever had who couldn't get a second term when he wanted it, the necessity that bore upon him to make a good showing was unusually heavy.

Rising to the crisis, the Governor has proclaimed himself the gallant but overpowered champion of the Prohibitionists, the anti-Corporationists, the White-Supremacy-ites, and all that's best in dear old Georgia—a champion who went down before those legions of darkness, the whiskey men, the railroads, and the friends of negro domination.

To come with credit from under the debris of a wholesale smash-up, which he has caused by his own errors, is not an easy task for the engineer; but he is human, and he never fails to do his best. Everybody else that got caught in the wreck may *know* that it was the engineer's fault, but nobody seriously undertakes the task of convincing *him* of it. Those who are not hurt may "cuss" at him, but those who are injured ignore the engineer and make a note of the evidence *which will be put before a jury.*

We have no idea that Governor Smith could be persuaded that his own mistakes brought his defeat upon him, but we have some hopes of convincing the Jury—the public—that the result of the Georgia Campaign is no victory for reaction, no defeat of reform, no condemnation of Prohibition, no set-back to Disfranchisement, no triumph for predatory wealth and law-breaking Corporations. No "principle," whatever, has suffered.

The Prohibitionists sprung a surprise upon the liquor dealers by making an organized and well led fight upon them, in the legislature of 1907. This struggle consumed almost the entire time of the regular session. Governor Hoke Smith had not counted on this, nor had any one else. It was the unexpected. The Governor was hostile to this Prohibition bill, openly stating that he preferred Local Option.

His record was not consistent on the subject of Local Option, even, for he had worked and voted on different sides, in different elections. After his home county had gone Dry and Atlanta's bar-rooms were closed, *he was one of those who brought whiskey back; and his zeal was so great that he not only worked with the liquor dealers but contributed $500 to their campaign fund.* Presumably, some of this money went to buy negro votes.

The open bar-room having been brought back to Atlanta through his own active and effective cooperation, Hoke Smith became one of the bar-keeping fraternity to the extent of owning a half interest in the Piedmont bar, which was in full swing at the time the Prohibitionists were making the fight before the legislature. Governor Smith's attitude toward the bill was so threatening that we felt it necessary to write him a private letter urging him to place no obstacles in the way of the Prohibition measure.

By virtue of this act of the legislature, the bar-room, *in whose profits he participated,* was closed January 1, 1908.

A calm review of the indisputable facts ought to convince any disinterested and impartial reader that Prohibition didn't get a scratch when Hoke Smith wrecked his train.

Joseph M. Brown has a consistent record as a Prohibitionist; is solemnly pledged to veto any attempt to repeal, or injuriously amend, the law; and the Jeffersonian does not hesitate to assure its readers of Mr. Brown's firmness, sincerity and integrity.

Under Local Option, the Piedmont bar would never have been closed. It would be unfair to hint that Hoke Smith preferred Local Option because Local Option meant the continuation of the Piedmont bar; but we do say, emphatically, that it comes with bad grace from the Governor to represent himself as a victim of the liquor dealers, when he adhered, to the last, to that variety of Prohibition which would have kept him in company with those wicked men, coining profits out of the same traffic.

As to Disfranchisement, Hoke Smith opposed it strongly, until the compact was made, in 1905, by terms of which Mr. Watson agreed to exert his influence with the Populists to have them go into the Democratic primary, in the state elections, and support the candidate who declared for Disfranchisement.

At the beginning of the campaign, Hoke Smith wasn't known in it. If he favored Disfranchisement we never heard of it. Hon. Pope Brown was the candidate of the Allies, and was making good headway when, all of a sudden, he withdrew in favor of Hoke Smith. Mr. Watson was not consulted, and felt sore over the change, but finally decided to acquiesce because of the principle involved.

The legislature passed the necessary bill to disfranchise the negroes, and nothing more is needed to carry it into effect than that the voters shall cast their ballots for it in October.

That Joseph M. Brown will lift a finger to prevent the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution, we have never for one moment believed. His defeat would not have helped Disfranchisement, and his victory does not imperil it.

As to state-control of Public Service corporations, that is a fixed policy in Georgia, and no one can reverse it. If anybody wants to take the back track on that question, we do not know who it is. Even the corporations realize that the day of "This is my railroad and I'll manage it to suit myself" is forever gone. It was gone before Hoke became Governor.

It was under Joseph M. Brown's administration of the Railroad Commission that the leaders of the Farmers' Union (Charles Barrett and R. F. Duckworth) secured the reduction of passenger rates which has so generally been credited to Gov. Hoke Smith. Under him, also, very considerable reductions of freight rates were made.

Unquestionably, the corporations, as a rule, preferred Brown to Smith. First of all, he had been given the training of practical railroad man. His father, the late Senator Jos. E. Brown, was a most successful railway manager. He had been Lessee of the State road (the Western & Atlantic R. R.) and a decided majority of the people of Georgia were satisfied with his management of their property. Consequently, it is no discredit to Joseph M. Brown that he, a life-long railroad-man, should have won the esteem and confidence of those among whom he had worked.

As to Hoke Smith, his specialty as a lawyer had been to work up damage suits against railroads. He reduced that matter of getting and conducting damage suits to a very systematic basis, indeed. Sometimes the wounded, in a railway smash-up, had already been earnestly advised to employ Hoke Smith before the doctors got there. In fact, the advice was not only timely but good, for the Plaintiff in a damage suit against a railroad couldn't have got a better lawyer than Hoke.

Winning big verdicts, year in and year out, Hoke became a very rich man. But, of course, the railroads are human, too, and they don't love a man who is always fighting them. We know what we are talking about, when we say *that*.

Therefore, it was natural for the railroads to dislike Hoke, on general principles; but they happened to have a special reason for not loving him. When he suffered such a tremendous financial loss, through another's fault, while he was a member of Cleveland's Cabinet—*which loss was the true reason of his resignation from the cabinet*—he went to a railroad man for help, and the railroad man gave it. Upon the endorsement of Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, Hoke Smith borrowed $40,000, which he needed very, *very* much; and when Hoke, the candidate for Governor, took such an extreme position against foreign corporations, thousands of railroad men felt that his sudden radicalism was that of the demagogue and the ingrate.

Under Joseph M. Brown we believe that no backward step will be taken in the just regulation of public-service corporations. We have no fears whatever that he will forget that he has been chosen Chief Magistrate of all the people of Georgia. We know him, personally, and we can not doubt that he is going to try to make us a good Governor. He has capacity enough to do it; he has honesty enough to do it; he has courage enough to do it—and we believe that he will do it.

Now what was it that happened after the legislature of 1907 adjourned, and after the Jeffersonian had given Governor Smith such high praise in its *September* number?

He abandoned his declared purpose of denouncing the hostile majority which had defeated his bills, and he gave up his intention of calling an extra session.

Reversing himself, completely, *he publicly exonerated the legislature—thus making an impression that he had not been sincere in asking that body to put his campaign pledges into law.*

If his measures were right, the legislature which refused to adopt them deserved censure.

His change of front was not known, publicly, until November 17, 1907, when the Governor spoke at McRae. What was the secret of the sudden dropping of reform propaganda and the exoneration of the legislature from blame?

The Governor had begun to figure on entering the race for the U. S. Senate against Hon. A. S. Clay, and hence his sudden "let up" on those obstructive legislators. The McRae speech was a bad break, and in the Weekly Jeffersonian, we put the Governor upon notice that he had made a serious mistake, which had carried consternation to his friends. This editorial attack was published in NOVEMBER 1907.

He reversed himself on the question of the early primary. This lost the Governor many a vote. On no subject had he committed himself more positively throughout his campaign.

He developed and advocated a revolutionary change in our apportionment of political power. Under his new rules, the country counties would have lost their constitutional rights, and Populism, which is strongest in the country counties, would have been deprived of the greater part of its influence. Under the new rules, city bosses and ballot-box stuffers could have ruled the State.

These new rules probably had more to do with the Governor's defeat than any one cause. No change in our Georgia system of representation had been spoken of in the Campaign of 1906, and there was no popular demand for such a change. Consequently, these new rules, which robbed the Country counties of their Constitutional rights, were hotly resented.

THE HEARST PARTY

For the first time in the history of the United States, we have a distinctly one-man political party competing for the Presidency.

Great as were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, they did not own the Whig Party.

The Whigs would never nominate Webster at all, and they would not nominate Clay when their strength was so great that the nomination was equivalent to an election.

The Hearst party, therefore, is something new under the sun. Copyrighted and personally conducted, it flings its banner to the breeze and draws its glaive for battle.

With a modesty which is unique, Mr. Hearst does not name his party "Willie Randolph's Own," or the "Hearst Invincibles," or "the William R. Hearst's Rockribbed Payrollers."

He calls his copyrighted concern, "The Independence Party," thus giving evidence of being an incurable humorist.

Everything else, excepting independence, the Hearst party has got. Intelligence, money, organizing ability, the genius of bluff which enables a pair of deuces to put four aces to flight, an endless fertility of resource and flexibility, a Kaleidescope variety of preachment which runs the whole gamut of political agitation,—all these the Hearst party possesses in abundance.

But it hasn't got the least bit of *independence.* Not the faintest smell of it.

For instance: ——— *it does not dare to utter one word against that Prince of Wall Street finance, E. H. Harriman.*

Belmont catches it from the Hearst outfit, hot and heavy, all the year round. Ryan gets it in the neck, and between the eyes, and up the back, and everywhere else that the Hearst editors can think of,—but never a word do they say against Harriman.

Yet Harriman is one of "the malefactors of great wealth."

Harriman is the hero of the Chicago & Alton scandal. Harriman is the Union Pacific stock juggler, Harriman is the Cynical Witness who asked

"We did not tell the public that the stock would ever pay dividents, did we?"

Harriman is a conspicuously fair target for any purity party, such as Hearst's party is, for Harriman is the man who raised that $260,000 for the Republican boodle fund.

Yet, the Hearst party, a cleansing aggregation, dares not say one single word about the manifold rascalities of E. H. Harriman.

It seems to us that those honest Populists who have been decoyed into the jumping-jack "Independence Party" of Mr. Hearst, had better put the question up to the owner of the copyright; *"What are your relations to Harriman?"*

NOT FOR ROCKEFELLER'S PASTOR NOR FOR RYAN'S PRIEST

Preach about the *"sparrows,"* oh ye fishers of men!

Read off from prim and decorous manuscript, your soothing platitudes and threadbare imbecilities about the Providence which lets no sparrow fall without taking note of the occurrence, but the ear of the world and the heart of the listener you will never touch on *that* line; for if there be one lesson which the dullest have learned it is that God makes us responsible for one another—holds us to the sacred duty of doing all for our weaker brother that we *can*.

They are grinding the souls out of men and women all about you, oh ye purblind fishers of men! They are pounding the human mind with wrong and the human frame with labor until God's image looks less and less like a *man!* Their inhuman laws and diabolical policies are making brutes by the million—and you *wont* see it! The carnival of lust was never so giddy, of greed was never so ruthless, of irreverence was never so defiant, of crime was never so savage!

Caused by what? By too much money at one end of the line, and too little at the other.

And what caused *that?*

Unjust laws, class laws, special privilege laws, private-interest laws, —devil's laws, instead of God's!

Preach away, Mr. Preacher: but until you come down out of the clouds of speculation and halcyon delusions, and take hold of the actual miseries of the people, and do heroic work in trying to redeem mankind from brutalizing conditions, the Church will never again be more than a hollow form, an imposing monument of dead usefulness.

ENGLAND'S WAY

How is it that England is able to reduce her public debt, and still have a surplus in her treasury?

She taxes the great land-owners.

She taxes the Incomes of her millionaires.

She taxes concentrated wealth when it passes by death from the the ancestor to the heir.

She taxes the fine French, Italian and German wines and brandies. imported by the grandees of England.

In this way, the English government compels the rich to aid the poor in supporting the government which protects both rich and poor.

In our country, cursed by class legislation as no other land is cursed, the middle and lower classes bear all the expense of the Federal Government. Our millionaires and our corporations pay nothing.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE FOUND AT LAST

The astrologer dreamed of finding a chemical combination which would turn cheap metals into gold.

A vast amount of time, labor and money was spent in the effort to make something precious out of something that was cheap.

The astrologers failed, in spite of all their vigils, meditations, investigations and experiments. They could never find the Philosopher's Stone—that which would change base metals into gold.

Wall Street has done it, though. We have, in the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, a veritable Philosopher's Stone. It takes the base watered bond of the railroads and turns it into money.

To the extent of $500,000,000 the Wall Street astrologers can unload upon the Government the water-logged securities which can not be sold, and, in exchange for this unsaleable paper, they will be given notes that are as good as gold,—because the country must use the notes as money.

Poor old astrologers! What slow coaches they were,—in comparison to the American "financiers."

HOW LABOR IS PROTECTED BY THE TARIFF

"We must increase the Tariff duties in order to protect American labor," say the standpatters.

According to the official reports labor gets 18 per cent. of what it produces in the manufacturing industries. Capital gets the balance,—82 per cent.

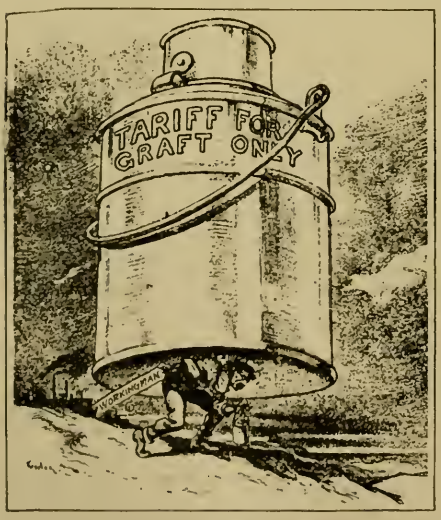
Now when we remember that the Tariff is about 50 per cent., on a general average, it will be seen that the laborer gets none of the protection. He could not, to save his life, work for less than he now gets, even if we had absolute free trade.

The very fact that the Tariff gives the American manufacturer an almost complete monopoly as against foreign competition, explains why it is that the American capitalist can dominate the prices of labor, and drive them down to the point which barely allows the laborer to live.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

The street-car strike in Cleveland, Ohio, was a remarkable affair. It furnished further evidence of the manner in which the two old parties can manipulate certain leaders of labor unions.

All the world knows that Tom Johnson has been one of the bravest, most persistent and most successful fighters of monopoly that this generation has produced; it is also well known that he has been the consistent friend of union labor. Yet, when he had at length won his victory for low fares in Cleveland and the old monopoly companies were on the road to municipalization, his plans were threatened with ruin by a strike of the street-car employees. To outsiders, this strike seemed a very queer performance, smacking of ingratitude and suggesting treachery.



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THE FULLEST DINNER-PAIL

—Keppler in *Puck*.

A disclosure of the facts proves the subtlety with which the plutocrats resist the reformers.

The Cleveland Monopoly Company entered into a secret contract with its men which bound the Company to pay two cents per hour more than they were then paying, *provided the Company secured an extension of its franchises within a given time.* A bribe offered—as you will see at a glance.

It was the same as if the monopoly had said in plain English to its employees, *"You help us get an extension of our legal right to exploit the public, and we will allow you a share of the loot."*

* * * * *

That the labor leaders of Cleveland should sell out to the plutocrats in this way was bad enough, in itself; but they did not stop at that. After the Tom Johnson victory had knocked the monopolists out, and after he had put in operation on all the street car lines his wage scale of *one cent per hour more than the old Companies had been actually paying*, the strike was ordered.

Why?

Because he would not pay the two cents which the old Companies had offered as a bribe to secure the help of the labor men to perpetuate the monopoly!

Comment on *such* a strike would be words wasted.

DOING STUNTS

—Macauley in N. Y. *World*.

We think that the whole country will rejoice when the Republicans adopt the proposed plan for basing representation in the National Convention upon their actual vote in each state.

We Populists have long stood for that principle. No other is equitable. Under the present system, which allows each state a vote in proportion to the population of the state, *regardless of how it votes,* is is possible for states which never go Republican to dictate the platform and the candidate. In like manner, it has often happened that states which never go Democratic have selected the candidates for the states which always go Democratic.

The situation is ludicrous, and it is a wonder that it has never been changed. Under this absurd system we have seen the colored brother of the South deciding who should be the Republican candidate for President. Thus it came to pass that the Puritans had to go to buying niggers, again. During the luscious Mark Hanna regime, the price that was paid for "a likely negro man," (see ancient advertisements in Plymouth Rock papers,) was considerably in excess of what we Southern people paid when the far-seeing philanthropists of the North were unloading on *us*. The fact that the negro delegate who had to be bought "represented" South Carolina, Georgia, Texas, or some other Southern state which was pretty sure to go Democratic, had not the least influence on the market price.

The Republican "delegations" from South Carolina, Georgia and Texas were just as good, for nomination purposes, as were the delegations from Maine, Illinois and Kansas.

* * * * *

This being so, a lively contest for the nomination meant a good time for the negro delegate of the South. The battle could not be too hot for him. The more doubtful the issue, the greater his value. His pet abomination was the candidate who had "a walk over." When Roosevelt had it all his own way, four years ago, it is said the negro delegates in the Convention wore upon their open countenances an expression of melancholy that beggars description.

No market, you see.

* * * * *

It would be a glorious thing for the whole country, were it recognized, in both the old parties, that the negro vote is a burden, a menace, a source of intolerable humiliation and wrong to the whites.

We do not believe that it is possible for the people of this lower race to have any true conception of statesmanship, any true idea of the relation of the citizen to the state, of the individual to society. In other words, we do not believe it possible for the negro to have the same ideals in these matters as the Teuton-

ic peoples not only had, *but worked out;* hence we honestly believe that the sooner we exclude the inferior race from the governing business the better. The whites, exclusively, ought to govern this country.

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan announces that he has secured more than the necessary two-thirds vote necessary to his nomination at Denver. Perhaps he has. If Johnson had entered the race sooner, he would have won. The trial of strength in Alabama, where Bryan has been a candidate for twelve years and Johnson for less than twelve days, shows what would have happened if Bryan's bluff had not intimidated his party.

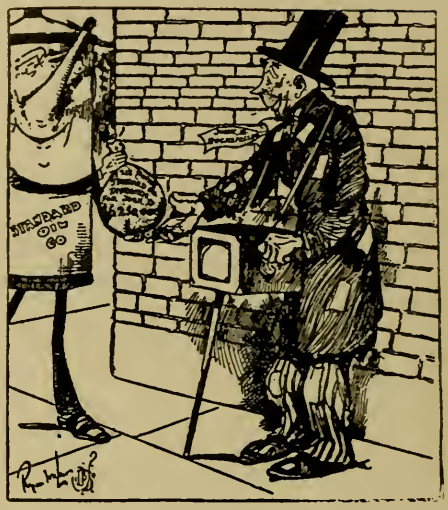
The contrast between Bryan's *statement,* that he would leave the question of his nomination to the people, and his *conduct* in working for it, like a beaver, is characteristic. Mr. Bryan can not be elected, but the nomination, as heretofore, will be worth a vast deal to him, personally, and he means to have it.

* * * * *

In January, 1900, Kentucky was convulsed by the struggle between Goebel, Democrat, and Taylor, Republican. By revolutionary methods, Goebel had mastered his own party, and by revolutionary methods he seized upon the Governorship, to which Taylor had apparently been elected. In the midst of the turmoil, Goebel was assassinated. Taylor fled the state.

At that time, Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York, and he offered Taylor refuge in that state, but for some reason the fugitive preferred Indiana.

Goebel was shot from the window of the office of Caleb Powers in the State House, and Henry E. Youtsey,



Walker in International Syndicate.

POOR JOHN

MR. STANDARD OIL—I hope this will relieve in a small way your financial stringency.

Early in March John D. Rockefeller did receive $3,750,000 in oil dividends, making a total of $6,250,000 in six months.—News Item.

stenographer of Taylor, was convicted of the actual shooting. He is now serving a life sentence.

Caleb Powers was in Louisville at the time Goebel was shot in Frankfort, but it was charged that he was an accessory before the fact. He was tried four times, and was once sentenced to be hanged, but on the fourth trial was given a life sentence.

He has now been pardoned by Governor Augustus Willson, the first Republican to carry the state since Taylor's flight.

In an interview, Youtsey declares that Powers was the brains of the conspiracy to murder Goebel, and that Jim Howard, whom Gov. Willson has likewise pardoned was also an accessory before the fact.

The Goebel assassination will probably be a political asset of the Democrats of Kentucky for many years to come. The action of the Governor in pardoning Powers and Howard has ripped the whole question open again.

The official count shows that Congressman J. A. T. Hull, Chairman of the House Committee on Military affairs, has been defeated in the Republican primaries by one vote. He is now serving his ninth term and, of course, wanted at least one more. They never get enough. The fewest possible members of Congress learn the secret of when to quit. Each hangs on until the weary constituency rises up and throws him out.

Congressman Hull is the brother of Mrs. Minor Morris, whose forcible removal from the White House created such a scandal three years ago. His conduct at that time raised a violent presumption that he is very much of a cur. He and other members of his family have had Mrs. Morris locked up in a Missouri madhouse.

It is possible that the unfortunate lady was properly committed, but the mere fact that she has been sent to the asylum is not conclusive. We very much fear that our mad-houses hold many people who are put there because they are *troublesome*, rather than insane.

Johnson in Wilshire's Magazine.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE

* * * * *

The most scandalous exchange of money for title and title for money which we have yet witnessed is about to be consummated. That so noble a woman as Helen Gould should have such a sister as the mother of Castellane's children has proven herself to be, is one of the psychological mysteries. When Anna Gould sold herself to the little French dude who wears the courtesy title of "Count," she was young, and the charitable might excuse her upon the ground that she was following established precedent.

But when she had "been through the mill" with her little Count Castellane; when she had seen him squander the Jay Gould millions on other women; when she had suffered every conceivable indignity that he could inflict upon her; when she had become a mother, and had reached middle life; when she had only to look into the mirror to find out that no man, with eyes in his head, could want her for anything but her money, it is a disgrace to womanhood that she should *again* commit the same crime against public morals.

For her surrender of herself to the worn-out debauche, Prince de Sagan, is nothing short of being just that,—a crime against public morals.

* * * * *

It is announced that the marriage of Anna Gould and her "Prince," the blood cousin of her "Count," will take place in Germany. De Sagan is by education and heredity, a Catholic. To escape the rules of his church on the subject of divorce, he will "turn Protestant,"—for no Catholic priest would dare to marry him to a divorced woman.

Carpenter in Denver *News*.

PANIC IN THE REPUBLICAN ROAD SHOW—THE FULL DINNER-PAIL EXPLODES

To get his eager hands upon the Gould millions, this notorious rake and profligate not only pretends to be in love with a woman who is as ugly as a dilapidated bill-board, but will go through the blasphemous farce of changing his religion!

* * * * *

A special article in *Harper's Weekly,* discussing the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, states that the clause in the original Aldrich bill which specifically permitted "emergency currency" to be issued on railroad bonds *"was dropped."*

So it was, but it was slily put back again in the provision of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill which, after naming state, county and municipal bonds, adds the three pregnant words, *"and other bonds."*

Isn't the gate wide open to railroad bonds?

* * * * *

Our Socialist friends will have a hard time of it extracting comfort from the recent elections in France. We had been given to understand that the good gospel of confiscating everything and giving it to everybody was about to capture the volatile French. But it would seem that the Millenium is yet not yet come, and that, for the present, those who hunger for the accumulation of others must go after it as heretofore and

From Ulk, Berlin.

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE TRUST-KINGS

THE BESIEGED (Rockefeller, Morgan and Harriman)—"There is no break in the walls. We have built them too solidly."

not by the primrose path of universal, fraternal and benevolent confiscation.

Many cities which the Socialists had already won were lost, and there were no gains anywhere. The great Socialist orator, Jaures, had the mortification of seeing his home city, Toulouse, cut loose from Socialism and return to the ways of the sane.

* * * * *

Next to the movements of J. P. Morgan and Anna Gould, Europe has been chiefly concerned with the visit which the President of the French Republic paid to London, and the meeting of the Czar of Russia and King Edward of England.

It is supposed that France, Great Britain and Russia are feeling the necessity of cultivating closer relations. The great strides forward being made by Germany cause apprehension in the British mind,—it is said,—and hence the King's cordiality toward France and Russia. Leagued to Japan in the far East, allied to France and Russia on the Continent, hypnotizing the Ambassador of the United States by thrilling his snobbish soul with royal attendance upon his balls and banquets, Great Britain appears to be safe-guarding her patch-work empire fairly well. It will tumble about her ears, some day, but not in our time. An empire

WHAT CONGRESS DID

FARMER—Son, what did them fellers do down at Washington?
SON—They put the motto "In God we trust" back on the coin, and then spent the coin.

built on farce and fraud and greed can not endure always.

* * * * *

The literature of the world is enriched by many a reference to Lucullus, the elegant, affluent Roman who, after conquering and plundering some of the richest provinces of the East, settled down, at Rome, to have a good time. From the stand-point of the sensualist, he enjoyed life, for he spared no expense to get the best that was to be had. Historians dwell with wonder and indignation upon the fact that this most lavish of Roman entertainers *once* spent $8,500 on a banquet.

What a modest little thing,—that Lucullan feast!

Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, gave a ball in London, a few weeks ago, which cost four or five times as much as that most extravagant of the banquets of the most extravagant of Roman entertainers.

And Whitelaw Reid is by no means the most prodigal of American society-plungers.

* * * * *

I wonder how much of the Whitelaw Reid fortune, which is being spent so freely in London, could be traced back to the brains of poor old Horace Greely. A wonderful editor and a tireless worker, Greely made the New York *Tribune,* and the *Tribune* made the fortune of Whitelaw Reid.

I have heard old printers and publishers tell of the way in which Reid ousted Greely from the Tribune man-

agement, and of how it broke the old man's heart when the last editorials which he wrote for his paper were not allowed to appear upon the editorial page.

Horace Greely died of grief and exhaustion: Whitelaw Reid lives in splendor, a shining light in snob-dom, never so happy as when some descendent of those German brutes, "the Four Georges," comes to eat at his table and dance in his ball-room.

* * * * *

Eugene Debs has again been nominated for President by the Socialists. We are told that Eugene has on his side, this time, an American Bishop and an English Countess. If I were Eugene I would hide the Bishop and would send the Countess back home. The Socialists of this country take themselves with tremendous seriousness, but it is a significant fact that where they gain votes they do so by talking Populism. Wherever the plain, substantial people understand Socialism, they reject it. Socialist agitators do not dare to tell their audience that their doctrine, boiled down, is just this:

Confiscate everything and give it to everybody.

Yet that is precisely what their word *"Collectivism"* means.

* * * * *

Thomas Wiggins, the blind negro who was known as "Blind Tom," is dead. As a slave he belonged to General Bethune, of Georgia. At the time of his death he was an inmate of the home of Mrs. Lerche, former wife of General Bethune,—the General having died years ago, and his widow having re-married.

Blind Tom was such a familiar, such a pathetic, and such a marvelous freak of nature that our readers will appreciate the following details which we copy from the N. Y. *World*:

BLIND TOM

"Three weeks ago, as he sat before his piano in this home of Mrs. Eliza B. Lerche, the widow of his old master, at No. 60 Twelfth street, Hoboken, singing the old melodies with which he had thrilled great audiences before the civil war, he suddenly stopped and fell, face downward on the floor. Mrs. Lerche, who has cared for him over twenty years ran into the room, and helping him up, found that his whole upper right side was paralyzed.

"But Tom couldn't understand that he was different, and soon went back to his piano. When he found that his right hand could not strike the keys he said, with his voice quavering, 'Tom's fingers won't play.'

Again and again he tried. Finally, when he realized it was useless his big blind eyes filled with tears and he wept like a child. Each day he returned to the piano and with his left hand started some favorite piece. Discords came quickly, however, and then, with tear-moistened cheeks, he would rise and pace the floor until late into the night. His old mistress sought to comfort him,

but he would only sob out 'Tom's fingers won't play no mo'.'

Finally Broke Down.

Last Saturday night Tom went to his piano again and began softly his old lullaby, 'Down on the Suwanee River,' but his voice broke. Sobbing, he rose and said: 'I'm done; all gone missus.'

The next she heard was a faint cry and a thump near the bathroom door. He had dropped dead from a second shock."

One of the ladies present at Ambassador Reid's grand ball wore the sheath gown which even Paris and New York consider so indecent that the authorities prohibit them on the streets. Had Mrs. Potter Palmer appeared on the streets in her new dress, she would have been arrested. Of course, the police have no jurisdiction over Ambassador Reid's guests, and therefore Mrs. Palmer had nothing to fear. We leave it to the President, and other important Americans, to say to what extent Ambassador Reid benefits his country by giving entertainments patronized by ladies who defy the decencies of life.

* * * * *

The stand-patters are stubbornly resisting tariff reductions upon the ground that Congress spends so much money that the country needs even higher duties on imported goods to get revenue. So?

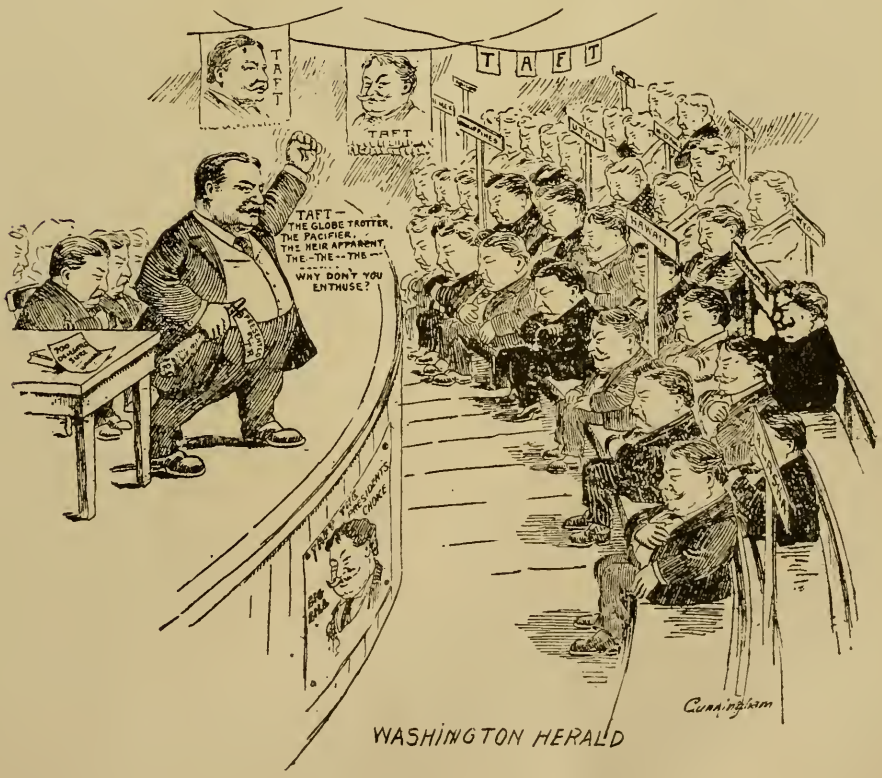
These stand-patters first do everything in their power to increase the appropriations which Congress makes, and then they turn round and use Congressional extravagance as an excuse for higher tariff.

In other words, they themselves create the necessity of which they take advantage.

But the answer to their argument is this:

Lower tariffs mean a greater amount of imported goods, and a greater amount of imported goods means *more revenue to the government.*

In some cases, the higher the tariff the less the revenue,—for the simple reason that such a tariff checks imports and *gives all the bene-*



fit of a monopolized home market to the American manufacturer.

* * * * *

The nomination of Mr. Taft, of Ohio, for President and James S. Sherman, of New York, for Vice-President, gives the Republicans the strongest ticket they could have put in the field—barring such a ticket as Roosevelt and Taft would have made.

But if President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, is satisfied with that anti-injunction plank he is easy to satisfy. It means nothing. The enthusiasm with which Speaker Cannon praises the platform proves that capitalism realizes its triumph over Labor, even in the phrase—making battle at Chicago.

The Labor Unions and the Farmers' Unions may amuse themselves by trying to get reforms from the two old parties,but they might as well be looking for fresh water in the middle of the ocean.

* * * * *

To say that an injunction shall not be issued without a hearing, *unless* the applicant is threatened with irreparable damage, simply adds four words to the affidavit upon which the writ will be issued.

No wonder Joe Cannon, who is the plutocratic stop-gap to all reform legislation, is enthusiastic over the Republican platform. He has reason to be.

* * * * *

The only positive good that I can see in the Chicago document is the

declaration in favor of the Parcels Post.

The Express Companies were caught napping, this time, but I'll bet they'll be wide awake when Congress attempts to put the platform-plank into law.

* * * * *

The press-dispatches informs us that the Pope was particularly well pleased with the nomination of Mr. Taft, because the past friendship which that gentleman had shown for the Catholics in the Philippines argued well for the future.

We should say it does.

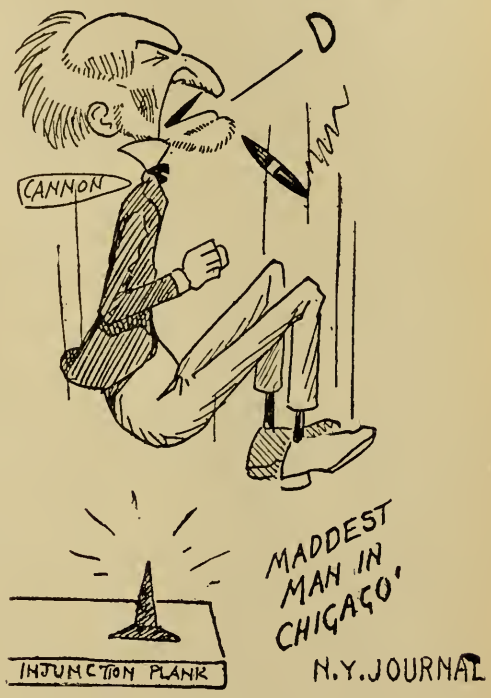
Partly through "the friendship of Mr. Taft for the Catholics in the Philippines," they were paid $7,000,000 for the lands which they had got from the simple-minded natives; and Congress, at the session of last year, gave them $400,000 more.

The taxpayers of the United States are the most patient, party-ridden victims on earth, for not a murmur is ever heard when such things as these are done.

* * * * *

It is not true, as has been often stated, that Mr. Taft is a Catholic. He is a Unitarian. His friends hasten to explain that he frequently attends service in other churches. We think it an impertinence that any one should catechise a candidate concerning his religion. It has nothing to do with the case.

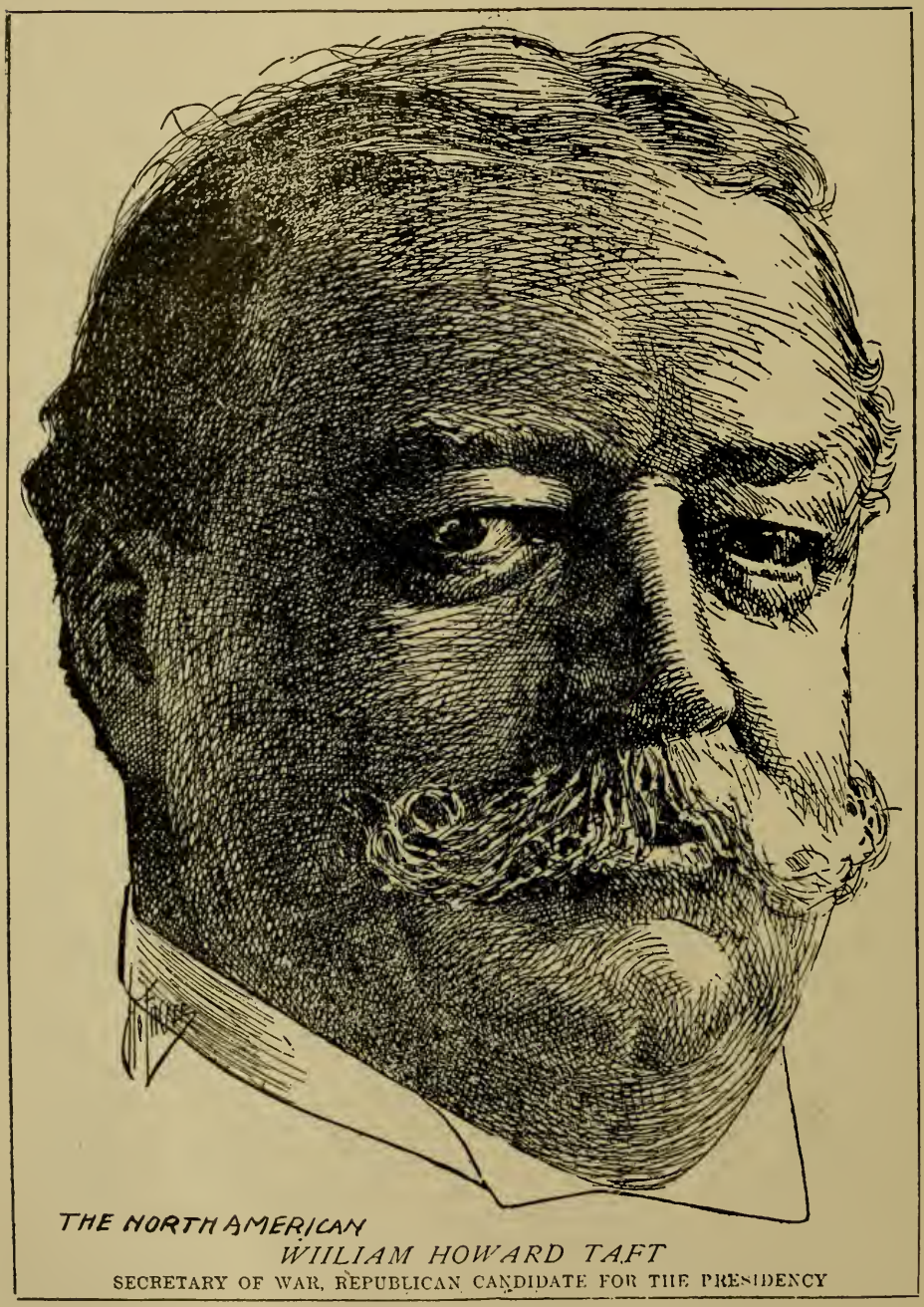
Joe Doesn't Like Plank



FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE.

Um-tiddy-um-tum-um-tum-tum

McCutcheon's glimpses at the Socialists Convention. From Chicago Tribune.



WIILIAM HOWARD TAFT

SECRETARY OF WAR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM FOR 1908

A finer piece of political writing we have seldom read, nor one so full of hypocracy.

Example 1: It is virtuous in its reference to the Trusts and claims to have enforced the law against them;—Yet the President of the most colossal of all the Trusts was in attendance upon the Convention, as a partisan of the present administration, using his influence with Dalzell, Payne and other stand-patters to soften their opposition to the anti-injunction plank which Mr. Roosevelt has promised to President Gompers of the "American Federation of Labor."

Why was President Gary of the Steel Trust working for President Roosevelt? Because he had been given permission, by the Republican administration, to gobble up the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, an independent concern, *in violation of the Sherman law.*

Example 2: It denounces the Democrats for not favoring and not enforcing the Sherman and Elkins laws; yet Attorney-General Bonaparte announces that, "owing to several accidental happenings," it will not be practicable for several months to press the suit for the $68,000,000 fine against the Standard Oil Trust. "Accidental happenings" is a new name for "campaign year."

"Other unforeseen happenings" will also prevent the trial of big cases brought against law-defying corporations,—which cases were brought under the Sherman and Elkins acts. In other words, the G. O. P. needs campaign funds, this year, and will give ear to the corporation prayer, "Let us Alone."

With a sword of Damocles suspended over its head, in the shape of fines of nearly one hundred millions dollars, the Standard Oil Trust may expect the "fat frying" process to come along, with much confidence in its efficacy, this year.

The defendants in those other corporation suits, which have been indefinitely postponed on account of "unforeseen happenings," had just as well get out their check books. The collector of campaign funds could hardly be expected to slight corporations so delicately situated.

Example 3: It professes to levy tariff duties for the purpose of "equalizing the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad." Yet the man who wrote those words *knows* that tariffs are so high, and our products so comparatively cheap, that the American manufacturer sells his goods abroad *at a profit,* in competition with the foreign manufacturer. All things considered, wages are as low in America as in England. Yet the Republican platform-makers solemnly keep up the farce of pretending that our Trust-breeding Tariff is maintained for the benefit of Labor! That England, a free-trade country, pays as much for the same amount of work and output as our manufacturers do, proves that the Tariff has nothing to do with wages. That England, a

free-trade country, pays *higher* wages than the nations of the Continent, all of which have Tariff Systems, *doubly proves* that wages do not depend upon tariffs.

Example 4: The Chicago platform contends that the Tariff System benefits the farmer and laborer as well as the manufacturer.

Let us see about that:

The sum total of National wealth is now put at $110,000,000,000. According to the record, this National wealth increases at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, or $4,400,000,000.

Now, *who gets that annual increase?* If you will take the trouble to turn to the Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1905 you will find that the manufacturers, numbering 2,000, get $3,686,000,000 for their slice, while the laborers, numbering 5,470,321 got but $2,611,540,532, out of which their *one million families had to be supported.*

By the time the wage-earners had paid all yearly expenses, he was fortunate if he was able to put by as much as a hundred dollars, whereas the manufacturer, after putting by 8 per cent. as reasonable return on his investment, *had a clear profit of a sum which is almost three times as great as the annual revenue of Great Britain.* To be exact, the manufacturers, after setting apart 8 per cent. interest on their investment, had a profit, over all expenses, of $2,672,000,000. (Report for 1905.)

Therefore, out of a total increase in National wealth of $4,400,000,000, the manufacturers got considerably more than half of it. Now when you allow for what the National bankers got, what the Standard Oil Company got, what the Meat Packers got, what the Harvester Trust got, what the Railroads, Express Companies, Telegraphs, Telephones got,—how *could* there be anything left for the farmers?

There could not be; and therefore we are not surprised when we return to the reports from the 6,000,000 farms and find that the 12,000,000 people engaged thereupon *simply made wages; they made no profits at all.*

Why?

Because the Tariff, and other class-laws, had enabled *the beneficiaries of Special Privilege to rob the farmers of all but a bare living.*

When the Republicans were applauding that platform declaration which names the laborers and farmers as the beneficiaries of our Tariff System, old Beelzebub must have chuckled, and said as Rockefeller said about a certain question of Harriman. *"That's the funniest thing I ever heard."*

Example 5: The platform tenderly refers to the "passage through the financial disturbance" of last Fall, and congratulates the country that the Republicans, instead of the Democrats, were on deck during the "disturbance."

From the reading of this platform you would never get more than a hint of what happened and what is still happening. You would never get the faintest conception of the manufactured panic which ruined tens of thousands prosperous men, threw millions of bread-winners into the street, swelled the list of suicides, brought business to a halt and brought upon a period of depression which is still felt throughout the union.

From this platform you would never learn how the Government turned over all of its available cash to Wall Street, and gave to those guilty rascals an issue of interest-bearing bonds in violation of law. From this hypocritical platform, you would never learn that J. P. Morgan was master of the situation as he was in 1893, and that he got from Roosevelt the things he wanted just as he got them in 1893 from Cleveland. One of the things that Morgan wanted and got from Roosevelt was permission for his Steel Trust to scoop the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, a competitor of the Trust. What he asked was permission to violate the law, and he got it; but you would never suspect that such a thing was known to the framers of this well-written and most hypocritical platform.

DID THE SHERMAN LAW CAUSE THE PANIC OF 1893?

IN view of the fact that the advocates of asset currency have taken to exploiting the financial troubles of fifteen years ago as an argument in favor of their schemes, the occasion seems opportune for presenting some newly-discovered evidence showing how grossly the American people were deceived in regard to the cause of those troubles.

When the outflow of gold in 1893 had precipitated the panic, the cry went up from Wall Street that the yellow metal was going to pay for securities that were being returned by foreign investors who had become alarmed over the Sherman Law. Later on, it was said that if this law should be repealed the confidence of foreign investors would be restored; they would stop sending back their securities and the gold outflow would come to an end. This explanation, backed up as it was by leading bankers and business men, influenced public opinion to such an extent that the law was repealed at the next session of Congress.

This legislation, it was loudly proclaimed, settled the money question for all time. But it did nothing of the kind. The financial stringency continued, and instead of the gold exports being checked, more gold went out in 1894-1895 than in the three calendar years of the Sherman Law's existence.

The failure of this repeal to restore financial stability and check gold exports naturally suggests the question, Has it ever been really proved that our silver policy was the cause of the trouble?

Admitting that it was the outflow of gold which brought on the panic, what evidence is there to show that this metal went abroad to pay for securities returned by foreign investors who had become alarmed over the Sherman Law?

Here by the way it is to be noted that the idea of holding this law responsible does not seem to have been very popular until shortly before the panic. Thus the Morning Advertiser, March 10, 1893, replying to its own question, "What Do We Get"? says: "It is probable that ninety-nine men out of one hundred have but little idea why gold is being shipped abroad in such vast quantities these last three months. In the average mind the questions 'Why is it shipped?' and 'What is given us in its place?' most naturally arise."

To the suggestion that foreign liquidation might explain it, the Advertiser remarks that at that time "not a single American security was being realized upon, and yet every week saw some steamer sail away with millions of our gold."

In his article on "Our International Indebtedness" in the Yale Review, November, 1900, Mr. N. T. Bacon thus refers to liquidation and losses by English investors: "But it is probable that their heaviest loss *was in the panic of 1893, which was immensely aggravated by their dumping all manner of securities on the New York Stock Exchange* for anything they would bring."

Now the foreign dealings in our securities on the Stock Exchange are reported daily in the New York newspapers, and it requires no expert knowledge to get at the facts. A study of these reports as published in the Evening Post, Tribune, Herald, and other papers, brings out the surprising fact that from January 1, 1893, to the panic day of July 26, foreign purchases of our securities actually exceeded the sales by over 500,000 shares. Here are the transactions for each month.

Net transactions for foreign account on the New York Stock Exchange, 1893.

	Excess of Purchases Shares.
January	61,000
February	97,000
March	68,000
April	86,000
May	140,000
June	45,000
July	95,000
Total excess for seven months	592,000 shares.

There was also an excess of more than 200,000 shares in the remaining five months of the year.

Mr. Bacon is considered an authority on foreign investments in this market, and his second article on the same subject in the Times, January, 1902, was highly indorsed by all the leading financial experts. But the above reports show that he knew absolutely nothing about foreign business on the Stock Exchange in 1893.

The objections sometimes urged against these reports as authority are the following: First—that the figures given are nothing more than estimates by international bankers and others, there being no official record of the foreign transactions in this morket. Second—That these reports do not include dealings in American securities on foreign exchanges. Third—That the reports do not include dealings or direct orders, or other transactions for foreign account outside of the Stock Exchange.

As to the first objection, I find that nearly all the financial experts accept them as being approximately correct. Thus the London Economist quotes them to show the extent of English investments in our securities in 1906.

In answer to the second, the Financial Editors of two leading newspapers advise me as follows:

"Referring to your inquiries, would say that orders from home or abroad to purchase stocks on the market would naturally be executed on

the Stock Exchange. Foreign orders on this exchange would indicate dealings as well on the London Exchange."

"It is customary for the broker to sell the stocks for foreign account on the Stock Exchange. Transactions for foreign account are a fair index of the volume of business in American securities abroad."

In reply to the third objection I submit a statement of direct order and other transactions for foreign account outside of the Stock Exchange as far as I could get at them. January, 1893, Speyer and Co. loan $6,000,000 on Reading railroad trust bonds. The Post, February 2, says: "Foreign houses report a steady demand from abroad for high class bonds yielding fair returns, which are shipped from here as soon as the orders can be filled." February 16, one gold exporting house said that it would ship $2,000,000 worth of stock instead of gold. April, "continued purchases of bonds for foreign account." May, "Speyer and Co. sold in London $4,000,000 worth of Pennsylvania bonds." June, "good foreign buying."

These reports furnish a more striking disproof of this claim of foreign liquidation than the Stock Exchange reports; for while there were days and even weeks when the sales had the best of it on the Exchange, every one of these outside transactions was a purchase. After the panic the outside investments for foreign account were on a much larger scale.

Professor W. J. Lauck of the University of Virginia has just published a book on this panic in which he asserts that the gold outflow of 1892 as well as that of 1893 was due to the Sherman Law. Our net exports of merchandise and silver during the calendar year 1892 amounted to about $111,000,000, while the next exports of gold were $59,000,000, all of which, Professor Lauck says, went to cancel railroad securities.

Now if securities enough had been returned to offset these enormous exports of merchandise and specie, there certainly should be some evidence of the fact in the report of foreign dealings on and of the Stock Exchange. But a study of these reports shows practically the same results as those of the panic year. On the Exchange there was an excess of foreign purchases every month of 1892, although the total excess for the year was smaller than for the whole of 1893, being a little over 500,000 shares. The outside transactions were as follows: January, 1892, 15,000 shares of Louisville shipped abroad. February, $400,000 Atchison incomes sold abroad. Kuhn, Loeb, and Co. (foreign bankers) loan one million to Norfolk and Western. April, heavy foreign buying of bonds. Large blocks of Atchison sold abroad. Kuhn, Loeb, and Co. took $6,500,000 stock of Ontario and Western. Foreigners buy Philadelphia sugar mills. May, report of London selling $2,000,000 Atchison bonds. Report of London buying largely of Atchison bonds. June, Bank of Montreal bought 3,000 shares of Lake Shore. August, 5,000 shares bought by Ladenburg, Thalmann, and Co., foreign bankers. September, report that August Belmont (agent for Rothschilds) handled the Nashville and Chattanooga gold bonds in July. Heavy bond buying. Heavy foreign buying of Reading incomes. November, big buying of

Atchison and Reading bonds. December, Speyer and Co., foreign bankers, sold for foreign account 5,000 shares of stock.

Although Professor Lauck devotes much more space to the question of foreign liquidation in 1892-1893 than any other writer has ever done, he does not seem to have the remotest idea what stocks came back, or whether they were sold on or off the Exchange. He frequently refers to the Financial Chronicle as his authority, but that publication apparently knows no more about it than himself. To my request for information the Chronicle replied as follows: "In answer to your inquiry of the 18th instant, just received, we beg leave to state that we cannot now give you the names of bank-houses which sold more of our securities for foreign account than they bought during the months preceding the panic of 1893 or what securities came back. It is a well known fact, however, that European holders of American securities were alarmed at the results of our silver legislation and that they sold these securities freely presumably both on and off the Stock Exchange. Sgd. William B. Dana Company, by Geo. B. Shephard."

The word "now" would imply that the Chronicle did have this information at some former time, but I can state quite positively that it has never given it to the public. Professor Lauck also refers to the London Economist, but that authority too must have been guessing, for it did not quote the Stock Exchange reports as a guide, which it did in regard to British investments in 1906. Nor has any other authority been more explicit. Professor J. Laurence Laughlin exploits this theory of the panic in his latest work on "Bimetallism," but he too forgets to mention any real facts to support his arguments.

Alexander D. Noyes, Financial Editor of the Post, is another eminent exploiter of the theory. In his Thirty Years of American Finance, he thus refers to the cause of gold shipments in 1893: "And back of all the superficial reasoning of the day the unwelcome conclusion began to force itself forward that the gold expulsion was an index, as truly as the gold expulsion of 1862, to a disordered and inflated currency."

With all due respect to this authority, it was "superficial reasoning," backed up by such colossal and barefaced lying as was never known before, that forced this "unwelcome conclusion forward."

The whole question of the responsibility of the Sherman Law centers on the fact as to whether the gold shipments which precipitated the panic, went to pay for securities returned from abroad by foreigners who had become alarmed about that law. Now it stands to reason that if the foreigners bought more securities than they sold during that period, then it is certain that they were not at all alarmed, and hence the Sherman Law must be acquitted of all responsibility for the panic. And on this point I have presented the only detailed statement of foreign dealings in our stocks in 1892-1893 that has ever been given to the public. The other side have never given any detailed statement of such dealings for even one week of the period.

The only evidence that Mr. Noyes has been able to produce is a statement from the report of W. C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, to the effect that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893,

foreign liquidation amounted to $100,000,000. These figures, however, are based upon nothing but mere guesswork, an estimate, as he calls it. There are no facts to show what stocks came back, or in what months of the year, or whether they were disposed of on or off the Stock Exchange. If all these stocks were returned in that year, it is very strange that Mr. Noyes' own paper, the Post, contains no record of the fact. In the Post of February 1, 1893, I find this item: "Houses with large foreign connections report a brisk movement in bonds and dividend-paying stocks for European investment account. It is said that certain houses have shipped abroad from $500,000 to $1,000,000 worth of securities each on the steamers leaving last week."

In the Tribune for July 8 and 28 respectively, I find these two items: "Good foreign buying." "Large amounts of stocks and bonds are known to have been bought within the last few days for foreign account."

The day after the panic, July 27, the Post had this: "One of the heaviest buyers in London said that a number of prominent bankers here had arranged to have stocks carried to London, and the gold received on accommodation there will be shipped to this side. A large amount of stocks, estimated at 100,000 shares, will be shipped by Saturday's steamer."

Referring to this large foreign buying the same paper of November 1, 1893, remarks: "That Europe is unable to contribute to our own investment demand is a favorite theory, but if this be true, how is it that her capital flowed out *in so enormous volume* during the stress of the panic?"

Although I have searched the financial columns of every issue of the Post of 1892 and 1893 I can find no reports of foreign liquidation even to offset, much less to exceed, this foreign investment by $100,000,000. There are no reports of 100,000 shares coming this way on one steamer, and no reports that Europe's capital flowed out in any "enormous volume."

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, when Mr. Noyes estimates the net foreign purchases on the Exchange the net foreign liquidation at $100,000,000, aggregated over 700,000 shares, nearly 500,000 of which were taken in the latter half of this period. There were of course periods when the sales on the Exchange had the best of it, as for instance from May 11 to May 15, when they netted 50,000 shares. But these were exceptions; the purchases came out ahead every month of the year.

Another circumstance which, although not noticed at the time, was of itself sufficient to condemn this claim of foreign liquidation was the trend of the gold movement.

If, as Messrs. Lauck, Noyes, and others claim, and as Mr. Ford said in his report, "the chief cause of the movement of gold was the withdrawal of large sums of foreign capital invested in this country," then the "chief" part of the metal should have gone to England where nearly all of our securities were held at that time. In fact, all the authorities whom I have mentioned contended that the English did nearly all of the liquidating. Nevertheless, instead of going to England, most

of the gold went via France and Germany to Austria, a country which was at that time absolutely bare of American securities.

What seems the most plausible explanation of the matter is that the shipments represented the hoardings of the growing army of Hungarian laborers in this country. Be that as it may, the final destination of this gold is proof positive that it did not represent foreign liquidation of American securities. Therefore the Sherman Law could not have been the cause of the outflow, or of the panic which the latter precipitated.

Among the chief exploiters of this liquidation claim were the great railroad bankers of New York City, the same parties who have recently become notorious for their rascally doings in the management of monied institutions and railroads. It is these very parties who are now steering the movement for a more elastic currency. They want a currency based on bank assets, said assets consisting almost entirely of the watered stocks issued by themselves. And in order to frighten the public into adopting the scheme they are circulating reports of foreign distrust of our currency system; and when the gold that we borrowed in 1907 begins to go out they will say that foreign investors are again losing confidence.

Will the American people allow themselves to be humbugged again?

A SUNSHINE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
  After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
  An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
Don't ferget to up and fling it
  At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
  It's a boomerang to you.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

MR. WATSON'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE OF 1896

Hon. Marion Butler,

Chairman Ex-Officio for Notification Committee.

Dear Sir:

Your letter giving me formal notice of my nomination by the People's party for the office of Vice-President has been received.

It is solely because of my promise to do so, that I accept the nomination. The unusual conditions confronting us must be my excuse for submitting to the public a fair statement of the facts touching this remarkable campaign, in order that all unprejudiced minds may reach just conclusions.

As the time for beginning the Presidential Campaign of 1896 approached, the Democratic party found itself in a dying condition, and it resorted to a desperate remedy to save itself from dissolution. It publicly renounced the Republican policies which it had already enacted into law, and professed the Populist creed which it had bitterly assailed. Having closed the doors of the mints to silver, having sustained Mr. Cleveland in his refusal to allow the Seigniorage coined, having condoned his issue of bonds in violation of law, having acquiesced in his contraction policy of destroying the Greenbacks, having helped to feed the Trusts by the passage of the Wilson-Gorman-Jones Tariff Bill, the Democratic party, realizing that it had lost the respect, the confidence and the patience of the people, determined to anticipate the triumph of Populism by a public confession of political guilt, an earnest assertion of change of heart, a devout acceptance of Populist principles, and a modest demand that the People's party should vacate its quarters and surrender its political possessions.

A very staggering piece of political impudence was this. It was not a minority of the Democratic party which murdered silver in 1893. It was a majority that did it—a majority in the House, and a majority in the Senate. And the men who committed the deed can not now promise more solemnly to undo their work, than they promised in 1892 not to do it.

So subservient was the Democratic majority that they made no effort to prevent Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle from destroying more than one hundred million dollars of the paper currency, in violation of the plain language of the act of 1878.

The Democratic majority could have compelled the Administration to have coined the silver bullion purchased under the act of 1890, and with these silver dollars to have redeemed the Treasury Notes of 1890. The law so commands. Mr. Cleveland put the law under foot, and thus paved the way for payments in gold, and *thus* opened up the oppor-

tunity for issuing bonds. The Democratic majority made no effort to vindicate the law and save the people. Such is the record—the undeniable record.

During the dreary years of 1892, 3, 4 and 5, when Republicans and Democrats alike were falling over each other in the effort to be first at Wall Street's feet, and lowest in the dust of political self-abasement to the Trusts, the National Banks, the Railroads, the Bondholders and the Gold Speculators, the People's party was the one champion of the people. It stood fearlessly against the hungry hordes of class legislation. It proclaimed constantly its undying antagonism to Wall Street and its policies. It held aloft the sacred banner of a people's rights, and called for patriots to rise and defend the Republic. Since the bugle-note of Rhoderick woke the Highlanders, and the Fiery Cross sped from mountain to glen and from glen to hamlet, there has been no such spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm as marked the growth of the People's party. One creed, one purpose, one hope, one inspiration moved us all, and had we sternly put temptation aside, and nominated a straight Populist ticket at St. Louis, one man from the West and one from the South, we would have swept this land from sea to sea. Democrats like Senator Gorman and D. B. Hill would have been driven to their true place—the Republican camp; and Democrats like Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bland would have been driven to *their* true place—the Populist camp.

Thus Populist principles would have been represented by Populist leaders,—men who are neither ashamed of their creed, nor of their associates.

At Chicago, the Democratic managers have adopted the leading Populist principles and nominated for the first place on the ticket a candidate who endorses those principles.

But there was a powerful minority present which protested against the nominee and against the platform. To pacify this anti-Bryan element in Bryan's own party, they named for the second place on the ticket, a candidate who represents the minority element of the Chicago convention as thoroughly as Mr. Bryan represents the majority. In the delirium of joy among the silver men, which followed their victory, the representatives of the Eastern Corporation interests, Railroad interests and Manufacturing interests shrewdly manipulated the nomination of Mr. Sewall, and thus, before the Bryan men well knew what had been done, they had been checkmated in the very hour of their rejoicing.

Following the Democratic Convention, came the Populist National Convention at St. Louis.

Two distinct factions appeared. One was composed of Democratic emissaries who demanded that the People's party should unconditionally endorse the Democratic ticket, and thereby abandon its own existence, surrender its own creed, and trust the future of the country to the patriotic impulses of a party which had so recently plastered the continent with bonds, closed the mints to silver, acquiesced in Cleveland's "Single gold standard" and made no effort to stay the lavish extrava-

gance in Congress, which was then, and is now, adding from two to ten million dollars monthly to the National Debt.

Of course the Democratic emissaries at our National Convention were broadminded statesmen, patriotic and unselfish. We know this because the Democrats, in whose interests they went, tell us so.

They proved their loftiness of aim and consistency of purpose by not only demanding that the Populists nominate Mr. Bryan, but that they nominate Mr. Sewall, also.

The other faction in the Convention was known as "Middle-of-the-Road." The men who composed it had the brazen effrontery to claim that Populism should adhere to the principles upon which the party had been founded and to the policy which had given it growth. They contended that our party had been born of deep distrust of *both* the old parties, and that a compromise with either meant surrender and death. They claimed that the silver movement was a South and West movement, and believed that the best way to unite South and West was to nominate a Southern man to run with the Western man. They likewise said that the best way to unite Populists and Democrats was to nominate a Populist to run with the Democrat. These Middle-of-the-Road men said that it would be silly to allow our party to be scooped off the face of the earth by a mere political trick. The party had been built up under many trials, difficulties and discouragements. It had worked its way onward through abuse, ridicule, misrepresentation and electoral frauds. In the South the Democrats had said we were in the pay of the Republicans. In the West the Republicans had said we were hired by the Democrats. We had grown steadily in spite of all slanders and rascalities, and now at length we were masters of the situation. It seemed a pity to let our enemies snare us and destroy us. The Middle-of-the-Road men said that ours was the only silver party, and that all patriots who really wanted silver coinage, could afford to join us. Four years of fidelity, under the most trying circumstances, had shown that we could be trusted as champions of silver. Not a man in our party was against it. On the other hand, the Middle-of-the-Road men said they could not unconditionally trust the Democrats. They had too recently slaughtered silver. They were too fresh from the debauch of broken pledges. They were still reeling from their mad carousal of class legislation. They could not be accepted as our political masters, when so powerful a minority, opposed to silver, still remained in their ranks;—a minority which remains with Bryan because it can better assassinate silver from the inside of the Democratic party than from without.

It was Populist pressure which had forced Democracy to quit straddling and get down on the silver side of the fence. To remove the pressure by disbanding the People's party was to invite the Democrats to renew their straddling.

These Middle-of-the-Road men said they were willing to help the Democrats open the mints to silver, but that the Chicago platform was, after all, nothing but another Democratic pledge, and that Democratic pledges were at a dismal discount in the market.

They insisted that the People's party ought not to disband until their principles had been enacted into law. Getting them incorporated into the Democratic platform was not quite equivalent to the force and blessing of remedial legislation.

Between the broadminded Populists who were clamoring for unconditional surrender to Democracy, and the Middle-of-the-Roaders who wanted Populism to be true to its mission, quite a wrangle ensued at St. Louis.

You were present at St. Louis, Senator, and you therefore know that after Senator Allen made his public statement that the Western Populists were going to support the Democratic ticket, whether it was endorsed by the Populists or not, the Middle-of-the-Road faction met in caucus and determined to put forth a straight Populist ticket. Twenty-one states were represented in this caucus. It selected Hon. S. F. Norton of Illinois and Hon. Frank Burkitt of Mississippi as the Middle-of-the-Road nominees for President and Vice-President respectively. Had these gentlemen been nominated by the Middle-of-the-Road men of the Convention, I do not hesitate to say that they would have received my hearty support as against the Chicago Ticket of the Democratic party.

But I was ignorant of the action of the caucus, and did not learn the facts till after the Convention adjourned. I was asked to allow the use of my name to harmonize all the differences which existed in the Convention, and consented upon that express condition. Thereupon, the names of Messrs. Norton and Burkitt were not presented and the nomination of the Bryan and Watson ticket then followed;—it being understood that if the Populists accepted the Democratic nominee, the Democrats would accept the nominee of the Populists.

There is no doubt that among the voters of the Democratic party, South and West, there was an earnest desire that the Populists should be met half-way. The people wished for union among the advocates of silver, and they felt that union could not be accomplished by demanding an abject surrender at the hands of the Populists.

The leaders of the Democratic party, however, having secured Populist endorsement of Mr. Bryan by direct vote in the Convention, determined to secure it for Mr. Sewall also, and for this purpose they have resorted to the policy of fusion. Instead of meeting the Populists half-way, the Democratic managers have demanded that we furnish all the patriotism which the occasion requires; and they not only refuse to make any concessions at all, but they treat with public insult the party whose votes are necessary to Democratic success. In other words, Populism is allowed to furnish all the campaign principles, all the self-sacrifice and patriotism, and the two million votes which the Democrats need, but they are not to be allowed to furnish a candidate for either place on the ticket.

In view of this unpatriotic conduct, so selfish that it defeats its own ambition, it is to be regretted that the Populists at their National Convention did not nominate a straight Populist ticket. My judgment was

against the fusion movement at the time, and subsequently events have confirmed me in that opinion.

By listening to the overtures of Democratic managers, our party has been torn into factions, our leaders deceived and ensnared, and the cause we represent permanently endangered, if not lost. The labor of many years is swept away, and the hopes of thousands of good people are gone with it.

Instead of finding that our nomination of Mr. Bryan at St. Louis has led to a compromise ticket, we see that it has brought us to an unconditional surrender, or a fight.

All Populists are expected to vote for Mr. Bryan, but no Democrat feels bound to vote for Mr. Watson.

All Populists are expected to vote for Mr. Bryan *because* he is their nominee, but they are not expected to vote for Mr. Watson, although he is likewise their nominee. The logic which carries the Populist vote to Mr. Bryan seems to exhaust itself before it reaches Watson. And yet the Populist Convention refused to nominate Bryan until Watson had been nominated. This would seem to indicate that Watson was at least as strong in the Populist Convention as Bryan was.

The Democratic managers, however, not only claim the Populist vote for Mr. Bryan, who is our nominee, but they claim it, also, for Mr. Sewall, who is not our nominee, and who was overwhelmingly rejected when offered to the St. Louis Convention.

Personally, there has been no disposition to find fault with Mr. Sewall, but the issue at stake is a public one, and we Populists have felt quite at liberty to point out our objections to Mr. Sewall as a candidate for office.

Some of our fusion leaders have developed great tenderness of feeling on the subject of national bankers, bondholders, and millionaires. This is something new. Populism had its birth in revolt against class legislation, and nothing more fully embodies the pernicious power of special privilege than does the National Banking system. For some years we Populists have used unlimited ink and unmeasured eloquence in denouncing the National Banker's privileges. According to the gospel of this "fusion" Populism, it seems that we have been violating the proprieties. We are now told that we must not say anything against Mr. Sewall. We must not explain to the people wherein he is an objectionable candidate, and we must not mention the fact that he is a National Banker, a Bond-holder, a Railroad Magnate, a Corporation Millionaire, an enemy to organized labor, a beneficiary of Trusts, a seeker after subsidies for the Merchant Marine, and a Protectionist of the McKinley variety.

These things must be kept from the people, I am told. Why so? Haven't the voters a right to know for whom they are voting?

Had Populism always been so exquisitely careful about giving offense to the favorites of class legislation, would there to-day have been any such thing as the People's party?

Mr. Sewall represents nothing which Populism seeks. By his local environment, by his financial interests, and by his political principles,

he stands in complete antagonism to Populism. Not even upon the silver question has he the right to demand the support of the People's party. He has not been known as a champion of the cause; he made no protest when Maine nominated a gold-bug Democrat for Governor on a gold-bug platform, although he was a member of the State Convention. He was not known, publicly, as a friend to silver until June, 1895, and the fact that he inserts "the gold clause" in his own contracts proves either a want of the sincerity the occasion demands, or a lack of that faith needful to the moving of mountains.

Mr. Sewall, then, having been rejected by the People's party, and the compromise ticket having been made up of Bryan and Watson, this compromise should have been accepted in good faith and carried out.

Not only was the acceptance of the St. Louis compromise on the part of Mr. Bryan's managers necessary to pacify the Populists who had bitterly opposed the fusion programme, but this compromise which put a man from the West and one from the South together on the National ticket was earnestly desired by the great mass of the Southern and Western Democrats. These Democrats of the rank and file, who were not seeking office, realized that a golden opportunity was offered to unite the South and West, and thus join in political alliance two great sections whose interests and principles were the same, and which, if united, could dominate the union and redeem the Republic from the ruinous class legislation of the East and the North.

Not only did the Democrats admit that loyal adherence to the St. Louis compromise was necessary to unite the South and West, but they saw that it was also necessary to the combination which was expected to give all the silver votes to Mr. Bryan.

Hence, almost to a man, the rank and file Democrats of the South and West said: "The Populists have gone far enough; we ought to meet them half-way and thus unite our people."

But the Democratic managers would not have it so. They were not ashamed to say that the Democrats of the East and North would leave the ticket by thousands if a Southern man were put upon it. Populists were expected to be patriotic enough to vote for the Democratic nominee, but the Democrats of the East and North were not expected to be patriotic enough to vote for the Populist nominee. Every intelligent Democrat in the South and West knew that the East and North were not going to help us with this silver fight. No one electoral vote could be expected in those class-ridden sections.

Therefore the bold policy of making a direct appeal to the South and West, as against the Money Power and Corporation influences of the East and North, was the one policy upon which the two great producing sections could have been united, the silver forces concentrated, the Populists and Democrats harmonized, and McKinley utterly routed.

Instead of this plain, manly and logical campaign in which the Populist masses could have been enlisted, devotedly and unanimously, we have had the crafty policy of fusion which compels the Populists to vote for Sewall, and which has disheartened our men and filled them with disgust. A vote for a Sewall elector means a vote for Sewall,

and no Populist can vote for Sewall without abandoning his creed. If once we support a man who stands for the National Banks, Corporations, Railroads, Trusts, and McKinley Tariffs, as Sewall does, Populism can never be heard hereafter to declaim against class-legislation and the favorites thereof. We would be *estopped,* because we had endorsed it in voting for Sewall.

Besides, our National Convention expressly rejected Sewall, and Populist voters should not be compelled to vote, through fusion deals, for a man their Convention refused to accept.

Both Kansas and Colorado are Populist States, and yet the Populist nominees are not to receive a single electoral vote in either State. The Democratic ticket, Bryan and Sewall, will receive them all. In Kansas the people have been soothed by the assurance that Sewell electors would vote for Watson, provided Watson got more votes elsewhere than Sewall got.

When in Kansas, recently, I warned our people of this snare. I told them that Sewall would receive all those votes—else the Democrats would not have conceded so much to get them. You have since sent me a letter written by Chairman Breidenthal, in which the tacit admission is made that Sewall is to receive all the electoral votes of Kansas, if the present deal stands.

Thus the Populists of Kansas and Colorado have been disfranchised. Worse than that—they have been delivered to a fusion where none of their votes count for the Populist ticket. They must vote for Sewall and thus violate their principles.

In North Carolina, where fusion has been arranged with the Republicans on the State and county tickets, and with Democrats on the National ticket, Mr. Sewall gets a majority of the electors.

North Carolina is supposed to be a Populist State; upon that idea she was allowed ninety-five votes in our National Convention. The fact that in North Carolina we have now conceded a majority of the electors to Mr. Sewall, would indicate that our vote in North Carolina has undergone a disastrous shrinkage since our National Convention adjourned, or that the National ticket has been used for mercantile purposes.

Senator, a reform party has no right to exist if it has no valid complaint to make. Populists can not denounce the sins of the two old parties, and yet go into political co-partnership with them. The moment we make a treaty, the war must cease.

And when we cease our war upon the two old parties, we have no longer any excuse for living. Whenever Right compromises with Wrong, it is the Right which suffers. A reform movement is necessarily an assault—an attack upon intrenched error. Whenever the attacking force halts, it begins to melt away. To rout Republicanism, we must continually assail it. We can not be friends to it one day, and enemies to it the next. The same truth applies to the Democratic party. Whenever we cease our warfare upon old party errors, and go into partnership with them, we lose all moral force; we lose our own crusading spirit; we show the public that we are mere spoilsmen like the others:

and the people lose interest in us when we reduce the issues to that of merely exchanging one set of place-hunters for another. If we represent nothing but a contest of the "outs" against the "ins," we are a lot of humbugs, parading as reformers, and we deserve the contempt of all good people.

To win in this campaign, there should have been immediate and concentrated efforts to unite the South and West, from whence the free silver majorities must come. There should also have been conciliatory measures adopted to harmonize Populists and silver Democrats.

Thus far in the Campaign, the South has been conciliated by sneers, misrepresentations and abuse hurled at the Southern nominee.

The Populists have been mollified by being told "to go to the negroes where they belonged."

The American people are highminded and fair—quick to see injustice, swift to condemn it.

To all unprejudiced and manly men, regardless of party, I submit the statement that never before has any party, so badly needed as ours, been so badly treated. Invited to come to the help of the helpless Democracy, we have received no generous recognition from those who appealed to us, and whose appeal we heard. We did not go to them for aid—they came to us. And yet they refuse to recognize our right to either place on the ticket which they admit our votes must elect. They want our help;—but we must come as servants earning a wage, not as friends sharing a duty, and an honor.

They are the prodigals, not we, yet they signalize their return to the principles they abandoned, by persistent efforts to degrade and disrupt the party which has been true to silver during the years in which they were false.

They seem to resent, as a strange piece of impertinence, the fact that the Populists dared to nominate a ticket differing, at the rear end, from theirs.

Coming to them with the two million votes they were begging for, and piteously needing, I can say with a perfect assurance of telling the unqualified truth that my arrival on the field of battle has not been welcomed as heartily as Blucher was received by Wellington at Waterloo. They want my reinforcements, but they do not want me to lead them. They need Blucher's troops, but they draw the line at Blucher.

That is hardly fair either to Blucher or his troops, nor is it the best way to defeat Napoleon.

For this attitude upon the part of the Democratic managers, I believe that you, Senator, are largely responsible.

You made no effort to have me recognized. You publicly stated that I would not be notified of my nomination. You went into the fusion policy, over my written protest, with all the zeal of a man who wanted to elect the Democratic ticket.

In this, I think you were wrong. As Chairman of the Populist Committee, the party certainly expected you to do all you could to elect the Populist ticket.

Had you demanded Mr. Sewall's withdrawal from the ticket, he would have been withdrawn. I have a letter of yours in which you state that the Democratic Committee expected you to make the demand, but that you did not make it.

From the perversity of temper with which the Democratic managers have refused to do the right thing by the Populists, it would seem that they prefer McKinleyism to anything which might seem to be partly a Populist triumph.

Their subtle purpose is to couple Bryan's election with the complete destruction of the People's party. They mean to elect both Bryan and Sewall—both or neither. They can not endure the thought that the victory shall be shared by Populism. They are willing to use the Populist nominee as a lever to move Populist votes—but not as an ally who had any rights they are bound to respect.

The St. Louis compromise ticket should have been insisted upon for two reasons:

1st. Because Mr. Bryan can not be otherwise elected.

2nd. Because the triumph of silver can not be otherwise assured.

To elect Mr. Bryan, the Populist votes are necessary, and he can not get them if I should come off the ticket voluntarily, or be virtually forced off by the Sewall fusion. If you and Mr. Jones think the Populists will vote for Mr. Bryan after they realize that Watson has been practically pushed off the ticket by fusion deals, you are making a huge blunder. Bryan is being ruined by the efforts to force Sewall's election also. Populists will not vote a ticket which is all Democratic.

In the second place, we must preserve the People's party from absorption by the Democrats,—in the interest of silver.

In Bryan's own party, weakened as it already is by the "Sound Money" defection, there is the powerful Gorman element which will do all it can to tie Bryan's hands. Wherever the Democrats can do so, they are electing men to congress who are enemies to silver. The Tammanyites are no real friends to silver. Neither are the representatives which Democracy may elect from Chicago, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other similar money-centers. Senator Gorman, the gold bug, is virtually controlling the Democratic party machinery, and gold-bug Democrats everywhere are saying that they are supporting Mr. Bryan because his election will not mean free silver. They boast that he can not carry out his pledges.

In the event of Mr. Bryan's election, this anti-silver element in the Democratic party will join forces in Congress with the gold-bug Republicans, and the Sound Money Democrats. Remembering that even among the Silver Democrats who have been re-nominated for Congress, are many of the flexible statesmen who voted against silver in 1892 and 1893, the unprejudiced observer can readily see that Mr. Bryan can no more carry out his pledges without Populist help, than he can be elected without it.

Again, if he is defeated, the anti-silver forces in his party will at once pull loose, and join the Sound Money Democrats—thus leav-

ing the Silver Democrats utterly homeless and helpless without Populist aid.

Therefore, in either event, every sentiment of loyalty to Mr. Bryan, and to the cause of silver, demand that we maintain the full national organization of the People's party.

We should not fuse its moral force away. We should not hamper its progress with entangling alliances. We should not lose the confidence of the public, and lose our own self-respect by showing that our principles and our vote merely constitutes a stock in trade to be sold to whomsoever will buy. We should bear in mind that our voters are men of convictions and can not be delivered like cattle to those who trade for them.

It should also be remembered that silver is not the only issue we raise. We have been from the first its friend. Every one of our votes have always been given for it. They always will be.

But there are other planks in our platform equally as important as the silver question, and we can not afford to abandon our entire ritual, when we can aid the Democrats quite as well by preserving our identity as by losing it.

In their mad policy of jeopardizing the cause of silver, rather than make any concession to National Populism, it appears the Democratic managers would be willing to make a sacrifice of both Bryan and Silver, if they can but destroy Populism.

In your letter, Senator, you say ours is the first political party that ever demanded abolition of banks of issue, monopolies, etc. In this you are mistaken. The National Platform of the Greenback party (1878) contains every principle for which Populism now stands. The Greenback party was murdered by false promises and treacherous fusions. Let us take warning from its fate. In every State of the Union where Populism has an organization we should see to it that the National Populist ticket is represented by Populist electors.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I heartily endorse the platform upon which I was nominated. In speech, in editorial, in pamphlets, I have discussed, for several years, every issue Populism raises, and my position upon them all is so well known that I need go into no discussion of Populist principles here.

The position taken in this letter will be bitterly assailed. Would that the pathway of duty were always carpeted with flowers. It rarely is. By making myself, and the great party I represent, a mere footmat for Democratic politicians to wipe their feet upon, I could win much applause, from that quarter.

But if I were now lacking in the loyalty which was expected of me when chosen, I would grieve the men who have honored me, trusted me, defended me, and loved me.

In this reform movement, to which I have devoted eight of the best years of my life, I have lost much—but my own self-respect has not been lost, nor the respect of those whose principles I represented and whose battles I have fought.

Through good report and evil, through sunshine and through storm, I have been true to this great cause, and I shall not dishonor it now.

I did not seek this nomination, nor desire it. Had I asked the Presidential nomination of the People's party and gone to St. Louis to claim it, no power of the Democratic emissaries could have kept it from me.

It was out of heartfelt desire to help unite all the reform forces, and at the same time to save my party and its principles from utter wreck, that I agreed to accept second place on the compromise ticket.

I stood ready to join hands with Mr. Bryan, and to aid him in harmonizing Populists and silver Democrats, and in uniting South and West, to the end that we might achieve a victory against McKinley and McKinleyism. Fusion with Bryan meant no sacrifice of principle: fusion with Sewall does.

No one regrets more profoundly than I do that the Democratic managers have so shaped the campaign, that the South has again been told that she must grovel in the dust and let an Eastern plutocrat put his foot upon her neck.

Nor does any one regret more than I do that the Democratic managers, in shaping their fusion deals, have considered those Populists, only, who were getting loaves and fishes. They have lost sight of the great army of the privates, whose honest hearts and sincere souls form the strength of the reinforcement Mr. Bryan needs. These Populists of the rank and file have the spirit of crusaders, and they would die for a principle more quickly than they would sell it.

These men will not vote for Sewall, nor for Sewall electors. If Senators Jones and Gorman really wish to defeat McKinley let them lose no time in realizing this truth.

Yours, etc.,

THOS. E. WATSON.

Thomson, Ga., October 14, 1896.

SECOND LETTER TO A GIRL AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FROM HER SISTER AT HOME IN A SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN, WHO WRITES OF EVERYDAY HAPPENINGS THERE

By JEAN McLEAN

Chenoweth, S. C.

KIT, tell me the gospel truth—did you ever in a weak minded or unguarded moment entertain the very faintest, haziest notion of combining chicken raising with a pedagogical career? Don't think I am crazy, honey, to abruptly catechise you thusly, but for your own good do I want to get at the root of this thing and find out your views on this most important matter. Not that I've noticed you were particularly talented on the chicken subject, either, except at eating, but lest you may some day be beguiled by these enticing incubator advertisements—which temptingly say, like the kodak tale about pressing the button, "you put in the eggs and It does the rest"—into believing that while you're at school endeavoring to make young America absorb a small amount of knowledge, extra shekels may be accumulating at home in the shape of future broilers, let me solemnly warn you against all such allurements! They're snares and delusions—nothing else! I speak, sister mine, from sad and lengthy experience; for mother, yearning for more excitement than our village existence afforded, invested in an incubator, and to declare to you the solemn truth, Kit, I'd heaps rather have the care of twin babies! It's a fact that I've never yet indulged in the latter amusement, but for general keep-you-busy-ness I'm dead sure they couldn't possibly outdo our 'bator, as we've fondly (?) christened our machine. Of all the places in our fair sized house none seemed so well to suit the uncertain temperament of this autocratic dame—guess she's feminine if she's possessed of a variable disposition, eh?—as my dressing room. Imagine my disgust, if you can! So every night as I drifted off to slumberland and every morning before getting real wide awake and sensible, a ghostly voice floated upward—wonder what daddy ever had a speaking tube put from mother's room to mine for, any way?—faintly inquiring, "How's the 'bator, daughter?" Three interminable weeks of this nerve racking question did I bear—never did I even glance toward the stairs without mother's sweetly remarking, "If you are going up see how It's running, please, dear." The abominable thing's temperature sailed up and down in a truly marvelous fashion, without one speck of regard to the hundred and forty possible breakfasts and dinners

inside, and how many chicks do you suppose rewarded our tender—ugh, no!—care and watchfulness? *One,* child. One lone, lorn biddykin which found the universe so different from its anticipations that, disgusted, it departed this life the second day after its entrance! Wasn't that hard luck? But mother, with persistence worthy a better cause, started the pestiferous affair again. With better success, too—fifty chickens saw the light of day this time. They are cunning, downy things but I don't see why under the sun the hens couldn't usher their babies into this world in the good, oldfashioned way which has served since the beginning of time.

So don't fondly dream, Kit, that you can hatch infants like grinding them out of a machine and shortly after, with no trouble between times, dispose of them at seventy per for broilers, soon becoming a "bloated landholderess" from the profits! Another sad side to the matter is our mental backsliding, so to speak, for daddy and mother subscribe for every known poultry journal published in the south, I'm sure, and the ones they don't take are sent just so! So our family conversation is truly filled with fowl matter these times—I beg your humble pardon, learned lady, for such a terrible pun—and at night we sit around the fire about this way:—On one side of the library table mother appears oblivious to the world in some poultry publications and I, from the shadowy depths of the leather chair frivolously remark "Mrs. Gilespie has a new hat, mine mutter—I met her at Mrs. Thornton's this afternoon with it on." A gleam of interest fairly flickers in the farthest corner of my feminine parent's eye but just at this inopportune moment dad, on the other side, rouses up, from the tantalizing column of chicken ad's which he is fondly absorbing and addresses her thusly:—"I really can't decide whether we'd better buy those Rhode Island Reds or those Buff Cochins Col. Chase wrote me about. What do you think?" My voice feebly continues "Her cousin sent it to her from New York and it has red and purple roses on top and pale blue velvet ribbon under the brim, and not for worlds untold would I be caught at a dog funeral with such a mixtry atop of me!" But even these millinery idiosyncracies availeth not to turn her attention—like all susceptible females she's so tickled at dad's asking her opinion, and they both really have the time of their lives trying to decide, bless their hearts! So, to avoid the endless discussion which I forsee in the atmosphere, I yawn, kiss them goodnight and crawl upstairs to dream of incubatorless Elysian lands.

To skip to my human chicks, which are decidedly more live and interesting. Our Boy's Club down at the mill continues to thrive and flourish in a most encouraging fashion. The attendance is fine, and teaching those men and boys who have worked hard all day and still are willing and eager to struggle with "larnin' " at night, is decidedly the most fascinating thing I've ever done. Arithmetic—"figgers," as they say—is what they're all crazy about and I saw my finish—being stumped by some extra hard sum —from the first, for you know math. was always my pet abomination at college, wasn't it? But when it came I swallowed my humiliation like a little man—was talking with all my might and main to a class in advance history when an open arithmetic suddenly descended on the table before me and a voice, dreadfully apologetic, coming from a grown up individual owning a most ferocious mustach, said "Uh, Miss Jean I hate to bother

FORMER MILL POND—MILL NOW GONE BUT WALK ALONG DAM SHOWN IN PHOTO.

you but won't you just help me a little bit on this square root example, please? Somehow I can't get it right straight by myself." I gasped, looked at it good for a whole minute and then 'fessed up—"If you'll give me till next school night, Joe, I'll be ready for you, but guess you'll have to let me off this time because it's been fully ten years since I've even seen sq. root."

Hated dreadfully to tumble from the pedestal of infinite wisdom on which they've kindly placed me but guess it was a good bump, for my sinful vanity, eh? Thought once of giving Joe a serious lecture on the utter foolishness of wasting his time on things which wouldn't help at all in life, like sq. root, for instance, for instance, but found he was a boss and needed it someway, I don't understand exactly how, in making up his reports. So I did some extra studying and together we successfully waded through its intricacies.

Oh, Kittykins, those mill people need so much done for them!—so much more than I can possibly accomplish in a few hours weekly contact! It makes my heart sick to see the narrowness, the monotonousness, the absolute barrenness of their existence. Just suppose we'd been born in a factory village and some of those folks in our places! And yet I hear people lamenting every day about having nothing to do to occupy their time. Just think of it. I always and forever have on hand about ten thousand things more than I can possibly ever get through. If South Carolina *will* become a manufacturing state we ought to shoulder our new responsibility, say I. What a civic spiel I'm delivering! Don't you think they'd like my views on southern conditions in a lecture course at your fountain

of wisdom? It would be the truth, at any rate, which is more than can be said about half the stuff you read on this subject. Of course you're hugely amused at my ardor, and I realize that one small person's opinion doesn't count much, but my blood does get hot every time I consider the awful amount of work like this to be done in the world, and so many, many folk frittering their lives away on nothing. Ah me!

The other day I ran down on a little shopping trip to the "Kingsport" of "Lady Baltimore" fame and stayed with Helen Simms. By-the-way, the avowed aversion of the real dyed-in-the-blood inhabitants thereof to the fame which the book has brought them amuses me immensely because I firmly believe that in their secret souls they're downright proud of it. Howsoever that may be, apparently you can't make the "Kingsport" folkses madder than to harmlessly remark about some sight of the historic city, "Oh, yes, why I remember reading about that in 'Lady Baltimore.'" Then indeed does their wrath sizzle over your innocent head, while they indignantly inform you—very politely, it is true, for a Kingsporter is invariably courteous, but still with exceeding positiveness—that "Kingsport" was famous long long before Owen Wister was born! He, it is said, is rather hurt over their attitude as he really intended the book for a compliment—you know he's related to nearly all the oldest families there, who all entertained him during the winter he spent getting his material together. With curiosity in my soul I questioned a typical Charlestonian as why she didn't like "Lady Baltimore,"—where it erred in depicting true Charleston life. "Well," she replied as only a stately and gracious dame of high degree can, "in the first place, Mr. Wister has made Charlestonians confide their inmost family secrets to an utter stranger, and of course that would never happen." Subdued, I pursued my quest no further. That was sufficient to an understanding mind. But the book has been a regular blessing to the Woman's Exchange, around which the story hangs, you know, because now they have more out-of-town orders for "Lady Baltimore" cakes than they can almost fill. Lots of northerners have a standing order for a weekly cake to be shipped them. It really isn't any thing but an extra good nut cake with awfully soft filling, but since you can't beg, borrow or steal the wonderful receipt without committing a serious sin, why, "Lady Baltimores" are quite the thing for all kinds of functions.

Do you believe, Kit, that there were ever prouder, more cultured and altogether more delightfully charming people anywhere than you'll find in that one place? I love them all but some of their ways do amuse me lots. Not one single word can I understand of the street venders—they might be yelling "thieves" or "murder" for aught my stupid self could tell—and I

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM

can have the greatest fun imaginable just sitting in the piazza listening to them. The second day of my visit was quite warm for November, so in the morning I pulled a white linen frock from my suit case and proceeded to array myself in it, secretly thinking, if I do say it as shouldn't, how very nice was my appearance! Not so Helen. She eyed me a little, too polite a hostess to say anything right plain out, and then remarked as a gentle hint—"I've heard that in other cities they wear white on the streets in winter." "Oh, yes," was my cheerful reply, "I always do when a hot spell comes because it feels so much better than sticky woolen clothes." "But here we never think of appearing in anything so conspicuous—though of course it's all right," she hastened to reassure myself and her manners. Kit, I'm ashamed to write that I kept that suit on just to pester Helen's scruples, and an awful weight seemed lifted from her countenance when we met some tourists on Royal Street similarly arrayed, so I wasn't the only peculiarly dressed article abroad. Bless all her notions though! —even the crazy ones—it's a pity everybody doesn't possess some of them. But you know I always feel like tormenting them a wee bit—that it's my rightful due—on account of the autocratic way they look down on the rest of we South Carolinians because we just didn't happen to be born in Charleston. We think we are kind of nice, too—don't we?—but Charlestonians?—well, they're sorry, infinitely sorry, that we didn't happen to first open our eyes on the strip of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, but it's simply a misfortune that we'll never be able to live down, in their estimation! Poor us! But we manage to survive, in spite of it, eh?

Did I tell you where Earle and I spent Thanksgiving? You know how the men forsake the village on that occasion—take to the woods for either a-hunting or a-fishing—so you'd really think our town depopulated by a man killing plague. Not to save your life could you manage to scare up a single masculine article big enough to shoulder a gun—and from the congregation at church you'd really imagine that only the women and children had been blessed and prospered in business, for which they're rendering thanks. Well, we meditated in our brains, did Mistress Earle Legare and my—ain selfie, as to what unusual stunt two single damsels could perform for celebration. Then Earle bethought herself of her old aunt and uncle, Major and Mrs. Simms, living alone at Simms Manor, so she dropped them an epistle suggesting that some youngful conversation might prove amusing to their ears, upon which they promptly sent us a lovely invitation. Of course we accepted—as that was precisely what we'd been wiggling for. The train reached the nearest station to their plantation just after dark on Thanksgiving Eve but the moon was shining like day and plainly illumined the most curious looking equipage which even Earle's previous lively descriptions hadn't exactly prepared me for. It was a carriage, honey, evidently a relic of "before the war" glory, for the original cushions had been re-upholstered with calico and an ancient coachman, alighting from his rickety perch in front, with overwhelming dignity held open for us—what we could just as well have crawled through!—the frame of a door and nothing else. Kitty, somehow with all my usual sense of fun I didn't want to laugh one single bit. Instead, an awful lump came in my

COTTON FIELD AND PICKERS

throat as the pitifulness, the absolute patheticness—I know there's truly no such word, but I'm going to coin it anyway 'cause it says just what I mean—of it swept over me.

Well, we crawled in, and our Jehu, named Scipio, made our steed—a frisky young mule—rattle away in fine style, while we pretended we were some gay young maidens, gorgeous in brocades and powder, on our way to Simms Manor for some beautiful ball, as it was a famous place for that sort of thing in the dim long ago. When we arrived neither the major nor his wife happened to hear us just the first minute, so we ran on right into the living room—a long, high ceiling place with a huge fireplace, burning cord-length wood, and dogs lying all around on the rug.

What a fuss the dear old people did make when they heard us! How they pulled off our wraps before we could say Jack Robinson, petted us, patted us, declared we must be nearly frozen from the cold ride, made us sit down in the very warmest spot and fairly toast ourselves, while they bustled around trying to do everything imaginable for us at one time! The Major threw on wood enough to make a young bonfire, routing the dogs at one swoop of his long arms, and we had the gayest sort of supper, with the bestest things to eat. Um-m! It makes my mouth water to even think of them now. Well, not to talk you to death, of course we enjoyed every minute of our visit immensely, specially the tales of when they were young, which by dint of much wheedling and coaxing we managed to persuade them to narrate. Mrs. Simms must have been a beauty and a belle, then, for she shows it yet —looks like a dear little placid Quakeress. Wonder, Kit, if the corners and angles will all be smoothed off my disposition by the time I reach

her age, and I'll have such beautifully broadminded views of every thing and every body as she has? Do you know, I wouldn't so much mind being an old maid if I thought I'd be a nice, fat, jolly one, but "Carthage, I see thy fate!"—The skinniest, crankiest, sharpest-tongued spinster!

To return to the Simms, though, the Major was a civil engineer in his youth and went through all the War, still holding himself as erect as a grenadier. He helps your plate at table with all sorts of goodies till you pitifully plead for a stop, while he still protests that "you haven't eaten a morsel, ma'am, not a single thing. Not near enough to keep a patridge alive on." As a particular favor, next day Earle asked Mrs. Simms to show me her jewels—you know those kind of real aristocrats think any thing like showing off, or bragging of your things, the very worst kind of taste. But they were worth being proud of—pearls from Tiffany's which have been worn by many a fair bride, or debutante at the annual state balls. Diamonds, too, handsome rings; and the dearest miniatures. Their table silver is beautiful and such quantities of it that Mrs. Simms takes turns using different sets, so as to give it all some service. I couldn't keep my eyes off a water pitcher on the sideboard which Mrs. Simms said had stood there, night and day, for forty years, without ever a thought of banks or safety vaults. It was a wedding present and is made of innumerable crinkly rose petals, just a succession of them all over it. You can't get such things these days, for love nor money, and the Simms, though they have lost nearly every blessed thing and really lack what some of us regard as the conveniences of life, yet you couldn't insult them worse—a slap in the face would be nothing compared to it—than to suggest their selling any of the stuff not in use! Wouldn't their attitude be a lesson to some of the mercenary varmints of the present time? But of course their dense minds—the aforesaid varmints, I mean—couldn't possibly understand such motives, eh?

Ruth Merton, a friend of Sally Atherton's, whom I met the winter I was with Sally, wrote me lately that she would stop a few days next week with us, on her way to Florida. I had asked her to let me know any time she happened to be in this part of the country and now poor dear mother is worried almost to death as to what to do with a girl who possesses so much money. Not one bit am I troubled. Wouldn't have invited her if I hadn't thought her a sensible sort of girl and this village

Cotton stalk in all stages of fruitage—budding boll at top, wide open farther down, and several empty burrs from which the first picking has already taken the cotton.

maiden's bump of conceit is just about well enough developed for her to believe that hot waffles, open fires, the blarneying conversation of southern men and the altogether remarkable novelty of waiting on herself will quite well amuse any New Yorker, however high and mighty she may be, for a brief sojourn among us What say you?

We've had rain and "more rain," as the frogs croak in chorus, till I'm a-weary of dampness and a-longing for the sun, for you don't dare poke your nose out in your bestest toggery —yourself, and not your proboscis so gaily attired—is what my stupid self would have you understand—lest a literal deluge should descend upon you unawares. This morning I "insulted" daddy Ben as to the probable outcome of the weather and his answer was "Dis heah showerin' ain't gwine stop till de moon change, missy." Now where on earth do you reckon he got all this wisdom? I love to quiz him just to hear his views about "cunjer," what brings bad luck, etc. Do you suppose it is the heritage of some native African ancestor?

Write me how you liked your new frock and and if it reached you in time for the reception—that is, if there's a tattered remnant of you big enough to scribble left after the ferocious exam. which you seem to be scared to death of.

Honey, as ever,

Your Jean.

OUTGROWN

There comes a time when we put by, for new,
The "Now-I-Lay-Mes" said at mother's knee:
Methinks God keeps them, even as mothers do
The outgrown little shoes of infancy:

And, like her, seeing the little castaways,
Melts into pity for the wayward son:
Forgetting the spent portion of his days,
Remembering he was once a little one.

—Ada A. Mosher.

THE PLACE OF MORAL SUASION IN THE WORK OF PROHIBITION

An Address Before the Anti-Saloon League of America, at Norfolk, Virginia, September 14, 1907

By REV. B. F. RILEY. D.D., LL. D.,
Supt. of the Anti-Saloon League of Texas

IN the mighty national movement against the barroom and brewery, as in all moral revolutions, suasion finds a conspicuous place. If the multiplicity of moral elements involved in any supreme subject furnish occasion for moral suasion, certainly it admits of application to the intense subject of the traffic in liquor. The many-sidedness of its deadly touch with all that is vital to humanity, guarantees it the amplest scope for moral suasion. The wreck of personal character, the invasion with commotion of the tranquility of the home, the deprivation, in innumerable instances, of families of the necessaries of life, the disorder and tumult introduced into thousands of communities, widowhood and orphanage, the sepulchres of the prematurely dead, the striped garb of the inmates of the penitentiaries, the thronging of dungeons, the generation of gambling and of its kindred vices, the brothel, the gallows, the invasion of the precincts of the sacred temple, the prostitution of courts and juries, the shock constantly given our splendid civilization by deriding and overriding the constituted law—surely a bare and unvarnished array of these tremendous counts in the indictment against the saloon, vouchsafe a comprehensive place for moral suasion in the potent movement instituted and directed by the Anti-Saloon League.

In the bald allusion here made to that which is comprehended in what is familiarly called the liquor traffic, is abundant room for appeal alike to heart and conscience, to passion and judgment. There is no point in the whole range of human sensibility left unaffected by this horrible menace to everything that is pure and holy and of good report. In attempting to compass and measure its boundary, to calculate its altitude, or to fathom it, one is staggered by the sweep of its circumference, the height to which it has attained, and the depth to which it has sunk itself. In dealing with this prodigious evil, it is difficult to speak with exaggeration, for by its very nature, it baffles exaggeration.

In the brief space allotted a discussion like this, one is forced to resist the temptation of betrayal into the amplification of the numerous topics

when everything and everybody moves with stunning rapidity, few, readily brought into the field of vision. I shall be forced to content myself with mere hints at the most salient outlines of thoughts which would require a volume of treatment, rather than a brief discussion. In the electrical age in which we live,

REV. B. F. RILEY, D. D., LL. D.

very few, consider how tremendous is the curse wrought by liquor. For the most part, men are as superficial in their estimate of the devastation that is wrought, as they are flippant in their allusion to the wreck and ruin of the saloon. They speak of a dissipated young man with an air of indifference which indicates merely his incapability of commanding a lucrative position in commercial circles. Yet, what is dissipation? What does it mean? It means scattering. A dissipated victim scatters his fortune, his influence, his character, the effects of pious and parental tutelage, gifts and endowments, and the prospects of a peaceful destiny. We trim and prune our phraseology in our description of the doleful effects of intoxicating drink, and yet cannot escape the mightiness of our restricted terminology. So fearful are the ravages wrought by the hundreds of thousands of these cess-pools of vice and crime, that we fail to grasp the sweep of their desolation, except by comparison.

If we could conceive of a condition in which the race was absolutely free of this atrocious enemy of humanity, and if under such a conceived condition, it was proposed to introduce it and unsluice it on a country such as ours, there would be one universal uprising as broad as our continental boundaries, and an outcry as tremendous as the utterest tension of the race was capable. The opposition to a suggestion like this would be equalled only by Milton's pandemonium.

A faint expression of this principle finds occasional illustration in our history, when there is only the partial presence of a fatal epidemic. A single case of Asiatic cholera, or of the bubonic plague in one of our metropolitan centers, would set the wires vibrating, and would send a chilling terror throughout this broad land of States. The appearance of the yellow fever on our Southern coast stirs to the depth profoundest, the excited apprehension of our people. Safeguards are speedily improvised, and the most unrelaxing precautions are hastily taken against its inroads. Every possible sacrifice is

made, and cheerfully, to stem its insidious approach and stay its invasion. Yet, at the most and at the worst, only a comparatively few sicken and die. Why this disparity of interest between these merely occasional events, and that which daily destroys, pushing with terrible persistency its deadly work—never ceasing, by day or night—never relaxing its hold—never suffering an hour to pass to undermine all that is worthy, all that is serious, all that is sacred. The explanation is found in the single philosophic principle of familiarity with evil. It finds an exact statement of process in the familiar lines of Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The dissection of a dead body by a raw student of medicine is at first shocking; but this morbid sensitiveness soon wears away and the work becomes purely mechanical. It is said that when John Howard began the work of prison reform in Europe, he was at first shocked to tears by the numerous spectacles which he met in the foul and fetid dungeons; but soon he walked among the revolting scenes unmoved, save in the depths of principle. For the same philosophic reason, the old English law forbade a butcher serving on a criminal jury. So accustomed to blood and slaughter, he possessed not those finer sensibilities without which he was not a thorough and competent juror, and one capable of balancing reason with feeling, and conscience with emotion. Every man of average experience and observation knows how the elements of time and continued contact dissolve the strongest emotions, and dim and blunt the keenest sensitiveness into obtuseness.

The liquor traffic has grown with the years of our nationality. When each of us here was born, it was in full sway. It was among the first things known to us, as it had been to the ancestral generations preceding. It was then no less demoniacal, not a whit less destructive of all on which it lay its blighting touch, but its toleration, its presence, its seeming inseparableness from civilization—these served to relieve its offensiveness to moral sensibility, and stayed the invading hand of sober and righteous judgment. Occasionally there has been a sporadic expression of public sentiment, as the vice and iniquity of the saloon have grown to proportions unspeakable. These have found expression, now and then, in the focusing of public sentiment against the saloon, for a season, but these numerous organizations have shot up like sky-rockets, with a spark and scintillation, lingered for a period, and then died away, leaving void and darkness in their wake. These repeated spasmodic efforts have given the saloon confidence, which has grown into defiant arrogance, until today it stands astride the highway of the proudest civilization the world has ever known, and dares to dispute its march. With a vaunt and port it arrogates to itself an equality with the mighty agencies of modern civilization. If denounced as an evil, it seeks to atone for the denunciation by the claim that it is a necessary evil, as though an evil is ever necessary, and if necessary, is not an evil.

But were these contests, crusades and upheavals of public sentiment during the last three-quarters century, of no avail? Were they blunders—mere effervescent outbursts of general protestation? By no means. They were the vents through which the best of human sentiment was seeking protest, and every movement had within itself the virtue of permanency, and was prophetic of much else.

The history of the opposition to liquor in America has been that of successive evolution, which is now culminating in successful revolution. The efforts in opposition to intoxicants reaching from 1827 to the present, have been so many stepping-stones leading to the height whence the numerous aspects of the infamy are fully exposed to the public gaze. In other years, opposition to the traffic has failed to excite widespread popular sympathy. It has been classed as a species of fanaticism, a sort of social hysteria, and while possessing inherent virtues, these movements have so often fallen under the grip of such conditions as to evoke well-meaning; but vehement froth and fustian, and by reason of the expenditure of zeal divorced from knowledge, have impaired public confidence and esteem.

But the result of the final overthrow of this titanic monster to human peace was inevitable. Emboldened by its victories, each of which carried within itself the element of ultimate defeat, with a growth of defiance which comes ever of diabolical success, the saloon has audaciously pushed its insolent assertions further still, forgetful or ignorant of the gathering elements of volcanic destruction in the body politic. Finally the people began to move, the masses, the unconquerable public. No truer words ever fell from the lips of that peerless statesman, Daniel Webster, than when he said: "There is not a monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion, and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people." Along with the expansion of our civilization has been running an undercurrent of profound public indignation coupled with growth of sensitive conscientiousness. Invisible, yet powerful, this silent force has been gathering through the years, fresh accretions of strength. The hidden fires have burnt on, fed with fuel by the barroom and brewery. One force impelled by a cautious but determined resolution, the other by a certain sort of blinded fatality. The people have gradually awakened from a seemingly strange apathy. Meanwhile other conditions were on the march which would ultimately conspire to give emphasis to the monster curse of strong drink. Commerce got awry, life insurance indulged in atrocious abuse, and graft in high public life—all these made their contribution to the growing heat of public sentiment. Providence was bringing the scattered elements of the thunder cloud toward a common center, and when it should burst, the long unchained and unchallenged monster of liquor would go down in the common and universal doom. The slumbering embers of the national conscience have risen to a conflagration. Nothing was more natural, nothing more logical, than that this arch-enemy of the race, now grown hoary in debauchery and criminality, should be extinguished. This widespread movement, this moral revolution now sweeping the land, is but the expression of the determination

of the people to reduce the principles of morality to a common denominator. Hence this trumpeting of public wrath from end to end of the land. Hence this universal unrest, this undertone of popular murmur that precedes the burst of the storm—this profound dissatisfaction with prevailing conditions.

Greatest in all things else, the American people have set their faces toward becoming the greatest in moral reform. A reaction has set in which no earthly power can stay. A popular fiat has gone forth by which the agencies that imperil our fair civilization, however specious their pretexts, or ingenious their false logic —however entwined into the fabric of our institutions, must be dissolved. Thus it comes to pass that statesmen and soldiers, priests and preachers, capitalists and manufacturers, bankers and farmers, physicians and officials—men from stations high and low, rich and poor, join in the general acclaim of demand for the overthrow of a prodigious evil that is setting at naught the highest organic law, sapping our cherished institutions, and undermining the principles on which repose the basis for the preservation and perpetuation of our splendid Anglo-Saxon manhood.

To be sure, the bonds of alliance between the saloon and politics, riveted and cemented through more than four decades of time, are not succumbing as rapidly as the policy of wisdom would recommend, and the precaution of prudence would seem to suggest. This is largely due to a timorous doubtfulness on the side of politics as to which is going to prevail, the saloon or the people. We are confronted, in our national legislation, by an anomaly springing from the nervousness of the times. By all that is logical, where is the statesmanlike consistency of legislating in favor of pure food laws, while legalizing poisonous liquor laws? The problem is one of settlement at the polls. The bow of tightest tension shoots the furthest. A reaction is on the march. In the ups and downs of this vast and wide-reaching agitation of great moral reform, we are debtors to the saloon and brewery for the reduction of this question to a square issue between Christianity, supplemented by all other moral forces, and the saloon, on a basis of right and wrong, virtue and vice. Which shall prevail, which shall triumph in the pending contest—that is the question.

If the saloon is on trial, Christianity is equally so. In the broad arena of the American States, the forces are now joined. Politically and religiously the saloon has actually driven us to the extreme of the settlement of the question of the preservation of our free institutions and the perpetuation of virtue. To say that crime can run rampant in this counrty, and that our cardinal laws cannot be enforced, is to admit that we are incapable of self-government. To say that our sacred institutions cannot be preserved against the invasion of vice, is to admit the failure of Christianity in free America. Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon.

A STUDY ON ALEXANDER HAMILTON

By FONTAINE T. FOX

Chapter II.

(Chapter I. Appeared in the October, 1907, Number.)

EARING in mind these two pivotal facts — that Alexander Hamilton nolds "sometime in first met Mrs. Rey- the summer of the year 1791" and that for her services in that behalf, (excuse the language of the bar—it is so expressive and descriptive) he paid her husband $1,000.00, the first payment being on 22d December, 1790, "on account of a sum of One Thousand Dollars due to me" and the last on 3d January, 1791, "in full of all demands."

It will be observed that these receipts bear evidence of the touch of a legal hand.

If Hamilton owed him $1,000.00 on 22d December, 1790, the debt could not have been created by any services rendered to Hamilton by Mrs. Reynolds because at that day and date Hamilton had not seen her and did not know and did not see her for at least six months after 22d December, 1790. The pertinent question springs at once to a thoughtful reader upon what account did he owe Reynolds that sum of money? The entire transaction, no matter to what it related, was closed by the payment 3d January, 1791, because that receipt was "in full of all demands." This money was not paid to Reynolds on account of any connection with his wife, because if it was, Hamilton is a deliberate liar in giving incorrect dates as to its payment. He had no motive to give wrong dates if he intended this money as a "plaister" to Reynolds' wounded honor. Dates subsequent to the summer of the year 1791 would alone disprove any relation of these payments to or with his connection with Mrs. Reynolds.

Page 15. "But the present accusation imputes to me as much folly as wickedness—All the documents show and it is otherwise matter of notoriety that Reynolds was an obscure, unimportant and profligate man. Nothing could be more weak, because nothing could be more unsafe than to make use of such an instrument: to use him, too, without any intermediate agent more worthy of confidence who might keep me out of sight: to write him numerous letters recording the objects of the improper connection (for this is pretended and that the letters were burnt at my request) to unbosom myself to him with a prodigality of confidence, by very unnecessarily telling him, as he alleges, of a connection in speculation between myself and Mr. Duer. It is very extraordinary, if the head of the money department of a country being unprincipled enough to sacrifice his trust and his integrity, could not have contrived objects of profits

sufficiently large to have engaged the co-operation of men of far greater importance than Reynolds and with whom there could have been due safety and should have been driven to the necessity of unkennelling such a reptile to be the instrument of his cupidity."

Are men of "far greater importance than Reynolds" accustomed to be the willing tools or intermediate agents in such speculative transactions? Would Alexander Hamilton have dared to have approached any man of known honesty, any gentleman to engage in this speculation? As to his connection with Mr. Duer, I believe it to be true that Alexander Hamilton escaped exposure in the dishonest and disgraceful speculation with Mr. Duer by the very fortunate death of Mr. Duer before the Congressional Committee in its investigation had reached Alexander Hamilton's connection with that speculation.

But would it be possible for a man of despicable character and low social position to have injured in any way or for any purpose a man of Hamilton's social standing, professional character and political influence? If it was all false and known by him to be false would he not have treated it with the silent contempt of an honorable, self-respecting and courageous man, trusting to the impenetrable shield and protection of his own honesty and character?

Apologizing for the length of this extract which is absolutely necessary to the purposes of this writing, I quote the beginning, which is really a preface to his vindication.

Page 1. "The spirit of Jacobinism, if not entirely a new spirit, has at least been clothed with a more gigantic body and armed with more powerful weapons than it ever before possessed. It is perhaps not too much to say that it threatens more extensive and complicated mischiefs to the world than have hitherto flowed from the three great scourges of mankind, War, Pestilence and Famine. To what point it is impossible for human foresight to pronounce: but there is just ground to apprehend that its progress will be marked with calamities, of which the dreadful incidents of the French Revolution afford a very faint image. *Incessantly busied in undermining all the props of public security and private happiness, it seems to threaten the political and moral world with a complete overthrow.*

A principal engine, by which this spirit endeavors to accomplish its purpose is that of calumny. It is essential to its success that the influence of men of upright principles, disposed and able to resist its enterprises, shall be at all events destroyed. Not content with traducing their best efforts for the public good, with misrepresenting their purest motives, with infering criminality *from actions innocent* or laudable, the most direct falsehoods are invented and propagated, with undaunted effrontery and unrelenting perseverance. Lies often detected and refuted, are still revived and repeated, in the hope that the refutation may have been forgotten or that the frequency and boldness of accusation may supply the place of truth and proof. The most profligate men are encouraged, probably bribed, certainly with patronage, if not with money, to become informers and accusers. And when tales which their characters alone ought to discredit, are refuted by evidence and

facts which oblige the patrons of them to abandon their support, they still continue in corroding whispers to wear away the reputation which they could not directly subvert. If, luckily for the conspirators against honest fame, any *little fable or folly can be traced out in one,* whom they desire to persecute, it becomes at once in their hands a two-edged sword, by which to wound the public character and stab the private felicity of the person. With such men, nothing is sacred. Even the peace of an unoffending and amiable wife is a welcome repast to their insatiate fury against the husband.

In this gratification of this baleful spirit, we not only hear the Jacobin newspapers continually, ring *with odious insinuations and charges against many of our most virtuous citizens;* but, not satisfied with this, a measure new in this country has lately been adopted to give greater efficacy to the system of defamation, —periodical pamphlets issue from the same presses, full freighted with misrepresentation and falsehood, artfully calculated to hold up the opponents of the Faction to the jealousy and distrust of the present generation, and if possible to transmit their names with dishonor to posterity, even the great and multiplied services, the tried and rarely equalled virtues of a Washington can secure no exemption.

How, then, can I, with pretensions every way inferior, expect to escape? If truly this be, as every appearance indicates, a conspiracy of vice against virtue, ought I not rather to be flattered that I have been so long and so peculiarly an object of persecution? Ought I to regret, if there be anything about me so formidable to the Faction to have made me worthy to be distinguished by the plenitude of its rancor and venom?

It is certain that I have had a pretty copious experience of its malignity. For the honor of human nature, it is to be hoped that the examples are not numerous of men so greatly caluminated and persecuted as I have been, with so little cause."

Page 9. "Relying upon this weakness of human nature, the Jacobin Scandal Club, though often defeated, constantly return to the charge." As a very striking contrast to the noble and elevated sentiments expressed in the preceding extract so creditable to Alexander Hamilton, who could so easily and naturally act a virtue if he had it not, I herein copy a confidential letter to Justice John Rutledge relative to Aaron Burr. Alexander Hamilton evidently had a Jacobin Scandal Club of his own, of which he was the sole member. This letter is taken from the June number of the *Century Magazine,* 1900, and is an accurate and faithful copy of that very remarkable letter.

"The following letter of Alexander Hamilton, though addressed to John Rutledge, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was found among the papers of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is here printed from the Manuscript. Although a small portion of it has been published before, as a whole it has not appeared before.

The enclosed characterization of Burr, it is believed, has not before been published, though in large part it is similar in expression to letters addressed by Hamilton to his con-

temporaries in opposition to Burr's political aspirations"—

EDITOR,
New York,
January 4, 1801.

Confidential.

MY DEAR SIR:

My extreme anxiety about the ensuing election of President by the House of Representatives will excuse to you the liberty I take in addressing you concerning it without being consulted by you. Did you know Mr. Burr as well as I do, I should think it unnecessary. With your honest attachment to the Country and correctness of views, it would not then be possible for you to hesitate, if you now do, about the course to be taken. You would be clearly of opinion with me that Mr. Jefferson is to be preferred. As long as the Federal party preserve their high ground of integrity and principle, I shall not despair of the public weal. But if they quit it and descend to be willing instruments of the elevation of the most unfit and most dangerous man of the community to the highest station in the Government—I shall no longer see any anchor for the hopes of good men. I shall at once anticipate all the evils that a daring and unprincipled ambition wielding the lever of Jacobinism can bring upon an infatuated country.

The enclosed paper exhibits a faithful sketch of Burr's character as I believe it to exist, with better opportunities than almost any other man of forming a true estimate.

The expectation, I know, is that if Mr. Burr shall owe his elevation to the Federal party, he will judge it his interest to adhere to that party. But it ought to be recollected that he will owe it in the first instance to the Anti-Federal party; that among these, though perhaps not in the House of Representatives, a numerous class prefers him to Mr. Jefferson as best adapted by the boldness and cunning of his temper to fulfill their mischievous views; and that it will be the interest of his ambition to preserve and cultivate these friends. Mr. Burr will doubtless be governed by his interest as he views it. But stable power and wealth being his objects,—and there being no prospect that the respectable and sober Federalists will countenance the projects of an irregular ambition or prodigal cupidity, he will not long lean upon them—but selecting from among them men suited to his purpose, he will seek with the aid of these, and of the most unprincipled of the opposite party, to accomplish his ends. At least such ought to be our calculation. From such a man as him, who practises all the maxims of a Catiline, who, while despising, has played the whole game of democracy, what better is to be looked for. 'Tis not to a chapter of accidents that we ought to trust the Government, peace, and happiness of our Country. 'Tis enough for us to know that Mr. Burr is one of the most unprincipled men in the U. States in order to determine us to decline being responsible for the precarious issues of his calculations of interest.

Very different ought to be our plan. Under the uncertainty of the event we ought to seek to obtain from Mr. Jefferson these assurances. 1 that the present Fiscal system will be maintained, 2 that the present neutral plan will be adhered to, 3 that the Navy will be preserved

and gradually increased; 4 that Federalists now in office not being Heads of the great departments will be retained. As to the heads of Departments and other matters he ought to be free.

You cannot in my opinion render a greater service to your Country than by exerting your influence to counteract the impolitic and impure idea of raising Mr. Burr to the Chief Magistracy.

Adieu my dear sir yrs with sincere affien & regard

J. Rutledge, Esq.

A. Hamilton.

(The enclosure, also, in Hamilton's handwriting.)

Confidential.

A. Burr.

1. He is in every sense a profligate; a voluptuary in the extreme, with uncommon habits of expense, in his profession extortionate to a proverb; suspected on strong grounds of having corruptly served the views of the Holland Company in the capacity of a Member of our legislature; and understood to have been guilty of several breaches of probity in his pecuniary transactions. His very friends do not insist upon his integrity.

(He co-operated in obtaining a law to permit aliens to hold and occupy lands.)

2. He is without doubt insolvent for a large deficit. All his visible property is deeply mortgaged and he is known to owe other large debts for which there is no specific security. Of the number of these is a judgment in favour of Mr. Angerstien for a sum which with interest amounts to about 80,000 Dollars.

3. The fair emoluments of any station under our government will not equal his expenses in that station; still less will they suffice to extricate him from his embarassments. He must therefore from the necessity of his situation have recourse to unworthy expedients. These may be a bargain and sale with some foreign power or combination with public agents in projects of gain by means of the public monies—perhaps and probably to enlarge the sphere—a war.

4. He has no pretensions to the station from services. He acted in different capacities in the last war, finally with the rank of Lt Col. in a regiment and gave indications of being a good officer; but without having had the oppertunity of performing any distinguished action. At a critical period of the war, he resigned his commission, assigning for cause ill health and went to repose at Paramus in the state of New Jersey. If his health was bad, he might without difficulty have obtained a furlough and was not obliged to resign. He was afterwards seen in his usual health. The circumstances excited much jealousy of his motives. In civil life he has never projected nor aided in producing a single measure of important public utility.

5. He has constantly sided with the party hostile to Federal Measures before and since the present Constitution of the U States. In opposing the adoption of this Constitution he was engaged covertly and insidiously; because as he said at the time "it was too strong and too weak" and he has been uniformly the opposer of the Federal Administration.

6. No mortal man can tell what his political principles are. He has talked all round the compass. At times he has dealt in all the jargon of Jacobinism; at other times he has proclaimed decidedly the insufficiency of the Federal Government and the necessity of changes to one far more energetic. The truth seems to be that he has no plan but that of getting power by any means and keeping it by all means. It is probable that if he has any theory 'tis that of a simple despotism. He has intimated that he thinks the present French Constitution not a bad one.

7. He is of a temper bold enough to think no enterprise too hazardous and sanguine enough to think none too difficult. He has censured the leaders of the Federal party as wanting in vigor and enterprise, for not having established a strong government when they were in possession of the power and influence.

8. Discerning men of all parties agree in ascribing to him an irregular and inordinate ambition. Like Catiline he is indefatigable in courting the young and the profligate. He knows well the weak sides of human nature and takes care to play in with the passions of all with whom he has intercourse. By natural disposition, the haughtiest of men, he is at the same time the most creeping to answer his purposes. Cold and collected by nature and habit he never loses sight of his object and scruples no means of accomplishing it. He is artful and intriguing to an inconceivable degree. In short all his conduct indicates that he has in view nothing less than the establishment of supreme power in his own person. Of this nothing can be a surer index that having in fact high-toned notions of Government, he has nevertheless constantly opposed the Federal and courted the popular party. As he never effects his wish by the aid of good men, he will court and employ able and daring scoundrels of every party and by availing himself of their assistance and of all the bad passions of the society, he will in all likelihood attempt an usurpation.

8. (Six) Within the last three weeks at his own table he drank these toasts successively 1 the French Republic 2 The Commissioners who Negotiated the Convention. 3 Bonaparte 4 La Fayette, and he countenanced and seconded the positions openly advanced by one of his guests that it was the interest of this country to leave it free to the Belligerent Powers to sell their prizes in our ports and to build and equip ships for their respective uses; a doctrine which evidently aims at turning all the naval resources of the United States into the Channel of France; and which by making these states the most pernicious enemy of Great Britain would compel her to go to war with us.

9. Though possessing infinite art, cunning, and address, he is yet to give proofs of great or solid abilities. It is certain that at the bar he is more remarkable for ingenuity and dexterity than for sound judgment or good logic. From the character of his understanding and heart it is likely that any innovations which he may affect will be such as to serve the turn of his own power, not such as will issue in establishments favorable to the permanent security and prosperity of the Nation—founded upon the principles of a strong, free, and regular Government."

This letter is a brief chronicle and abstract of Alexander Hamilton's charecter and its nature, of his acts and their motives, of his life and the means by which he undertook to gain his ends. Of the adroitness with which he could turn his own intentional misconstruction into an apparent fact, we take one instance which is all sufficient because facts are stronger, though not so polished as the figures of rhetoric. Hamilton states — "suspected on strong grounds of having corruptly served the views of the Holland Company in the capacity of a member of our legislature." In explanation of this act of Burr I quote again the footnote appended by the Editor, "He co-operated in obtaining a law to permit aliens to hold and convey lands." In other words, Burr desired and tried by legislation to offer inducements to the very best men to come and settle in this country. The law was very wise and patriotic in its purpose and very judicious and attractive in its means.

A man with the sublime and heroic cowardice to write such a confidential letter could conceive and undertake any enterprise except to lead an honest life or commit any act except to tell the truth. The letter itself furnishes indisputable evidence—self-evident—that its origin, its source, its cause is envy. And all men know how soon, how quickly, how permanently envy curdles into hate. Envy is the father of that form of cowardice which always shows itself with courageous freedom in a confidential talk. It can indulge its passion without fear or restraint in a communication put into a form which renders it impossible for the recipient to betray the trust without the loss of his own honor or without the assumption of a quarrel which can in no wise concern himself.

To attempt a critical analysis of all the various statements in this remarkable letter, all the more remarkable because written to a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, or to discuss in any fullness of argument the principles of morals involved in its purpose would be simply to lay bare the poverty of the English language to express one's thoughts when one's moral nature is assailed and shocked by statements made in such an infamous and cowardly way. What purpose could he affect, what advantage could he secure, what injury could he do to Burr by a confidential letter to a Federal Judge? Did he expect in his mind and heart that Judge Rutledge would yield to the temptation to give it publicity and that he could escape its responsibility by asserting that Judge Rutledge had betrayed his confidence? He ought to have remembered that there was not one drop of his blood in Judge Rutledge's veins. Take each statement as it is written,—it is stated and intended to be received as a fact:—Nothing can be added to a fact; the ornament of the adjective may sometimes add to the beauty but can only seldom increase the power of a statement, as an actual fact is really the strongest force in the world, no matter in what form or under what circumstances its manifestations may be given to the public.

In his Vindication he poured out upon Reynolds and two other men, Clingman and Fraunces, the viols of his indignant wrath and abusive hate expressed in the strongest and most violent language. To page 8

he appended this footnote, "Would it be believed after all this, that Mr. Jefferson Vice President of the United States would write to this Fraunces friendly letters? Yet such is the fact as will be seen in Appendix Nos. XLIV and XLV" (Or 44 and 45).

Would it have been believed that Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, would have vindicated his betrayal of his honor and his treachery to his wife by an avowal of his adulterous amour with Mrs. Reynolds, but "yet such is the fact, as will be seen" in this vindication.

Why go out of the line of his argument, evasive and inconclusive in itself as it is, to speak in this way of Mr. Jefferson? What had he to do with Hamilton's connection with Mrs. Reynolds, or her husband or Clingman or his troubles with Fraunces. He pursues with the scent and nature of a bloodhound any man who did his own thinking and had the courage to reach a conclusion different from his, and when it was crystalized into an act then he discharged his calumnies and slanders in confidential talks or letters like a rifleman shooting at a target.

The act of writing letters to Fraunces by Mr. Jefferson was dishonorable because he was Vice-President of the United States. Treachery to his amiable and loving wife was a less "heinous offense" in Alexander Hamilton than a speculative venture in Treasury Warrants and his adulterous amour with Mrs. Reynolds was "only an indecorum" because Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

Consider the elevated and noble sentiments expressed in the preface to his vindication and his terrible and well deserved condemnation of and strictures upon the Jacobin Scandal Club, and then consider the statements in his confidential letter to Judge Rutledge, their motives and their objects? What can be, what will be the judgment of every honest and impartial mind in his estimate of Alexander Hamilton's moral nature as a man, as a gentleman, as a politician? In what literature in any civilized country can another production be found its equal in mental baseness and moral depravity? How could any man write such a letter and assert a right to be admitted into the society of gentlemen? Only a coward could write it and only a coward would write it. In using the coward in this connection I leave out of all consideration that courage which in nearly all men is produced by the influence and effect of public opinion upon their minds, their lives, their conduct, and their characters.

In this letter Alexander Hamilton put into words his true character and no one can misread it. Its baseness, its depravity, its cowardice is without a parallel in the annals of any country, ancient or modern.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS

The Corrupt Partnership Between the Metropolitan and Two Political Parties.

Revolting as are the disclosures of Metropolitan corruption to all decent citizens, the revelation that the Traction Trust divided its swag with the Republican and the Democratic machines is worse.

Ryan, backed into a corner by public disgust at his operations, admits that money in great sums was paid to agents of both parties.

The ingenuous Vreeland cheerfully babbles about handing William C. Whitney enormous amounts, which he supposes that Whitney spent for "political purposes."

And by political, he averred that he meant either contributing directly to political parties or their managers or "taking care" of politicians in stock speculations—politicians whose influence was desirable to have in the affairs of the company.

If the baseness, the utter degradation, the moral leprosy of this thing occurred either to Ryan or Vreeland, they kept it admirably concealed while they were testifying.

Here, by the confession of two men highest up in the traction monopoly, we have the secret of the long lawless career of the men who have throttled the traffic business in Manhattan.

What has made possible the corruption that has wrecked the surface lines in New York?

Defiance of the law.

How was this defiance of the law made possible?

By paying men in authority certain bribes, courteously called campaign contributions, whose purpose was to procure the suspension of the law in one particular case!

And in this shameful barter of special privilege to break the law for a money consideration we have the eminently respectable directors of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, or Security Company, or any of the aliases it assumed for its nefarious purposes, as party of the first part, and the Grand Old Republican Party and the Tammany Democracy as party of the second part.

And as long as political bosses go from door to door in Wall Street passing the hat, as long as rich corruptionists know that the best brand of immunity is to be secured only at campaign headquarters, just so long will stockholders be plundered and properties ruined, and the laws of the land continue to be a laughing stock to any man who has enough money to ignore them.

Enough has been brought to light to show how much either the Republican or the Democratic managers in New York are to be trusted to put the corporation Satan behind them.

Already partners in Metropolitan loot, they are about as likely to refuse further "dividends" as Mr. Thomas F. Ryan is to pay back that $111,000 and more that he got out of the Wall and Cortlandt Street ferries deal.

Stopping campaign bribery would end the political bosses who have fattened on it, and who dictate absolutely the destinies of the parties they control.

There is to-day just one party which honestly opposes the sale of special privilege in any form, and which has made its record not only fighting the agents of corruption but actually putting them in jail.

This plank is in the platform of the Independence Party:

"The Independence Party demands severe and effective legislation against

all forms of corrupt practices at elections, and advocates prohibiting the use of any money at elections except for meetings, literature and the necessary expenditures of candidates. The Independence Party believes that the dishonest use of money in the past, whether contributed by individuals or financial corporations, has been chiefly responsible for the corruption which has undermined our system of popular government."

And when, in return for the campaign contributions of such financial corporations as the Metropolitan, the bosses of a party sent election thugs to the polls to steal the election for corporation tools, it was the Independence Party and not the Republican or the Democratic Party who discovered those thugs at work and secured evidence to send them where they will have many years to reflect on the folly of being small thieves.

Enact that corrupt practices plank into law, and the officers of the law will be placed where criminal corporations can not reach them except by statutory bribery, which is very dangerous business.

Keep elections clean and government will be kept clean, and in a clean government the sort of thing described by Ryan and Vreeland can have no existence.—New York American.

The Author of Rural Delivery.
Robert M. McWade.

Washington, May 28.—Frequently in writing to us for information our subscribers ask questions which, in order to answer correctly, entail a great deal of work. The following letter from a good friend in the Old Dominion is a sample:

"Buchanan Institute, Grundy, Virginia, April 27, 1908.—Mr. Robert M. McWade, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: Would you kindly answer in The Woman's National Daily the question: 'Who is really the author of the rural free delivery system?' Can you quote from the Congressional Record showing who was the first congressman to propose this extension of the postal service for the benefit of the 'common' people? Yours truly, J. L. KIBLER."

If by the "author of the rural free delivery system" our friend means who first proposed it publicly, the credit, according to the Congressional Record, belongs to the then Representative James O'Donnell of Michigan, who on January 5th, 1892, introduced a bill providing for the establishment of genuine rural free delivery. His bill carried an appropriation of $6,000,000 and left all details to the discretion of the post-master general—at that time John Wanamaker. On May 28 of the same year, while the house of representatives was in committee of the whole for the consideration of the postoffice appropriation bill, former Gov. Alexander M. Dockery of Missouri presiding, Representative O'Donnell made an eloquent plea for the passage of his bill, and suggested that the amount be increased from $6,000,000 to $13,000,000. From reading his speech, it is obvious that Representative O'Donnell, who by some was called "a perpetual candidate for governor of Michigan," had given serious study to the subject of rural delivery and that there was nothing small about his ideas. At the outset he said:

"Mr. Chairman, there comes to the congress of the United States of America petitions from thousands of our citizens for a right due them—the free delivery of mails in rural communities. There are 4,750,000 farms in this country, and their owners and tenants appeal to this house for what they feel is their due—that they should be placed on the same footing as the people of the cities and towns; that the postal department shall extend to them the same facilities accorded the urban residents of the nation. There is great unanimity in this demand and it is based on simple justice. If the government delivers the letters and mails to the denizens of cities and towns the same treatment

should be accorded the farming communities. The postmaster general (Mr. John Wanamaker), realizing the right in this matter, favors the extension of the service to include dwellers on farms. There is no reason or logic in delivering mail to inhabitants of the cities, who are easily within reach of the postoffice, and denying the same facilities to the people of the country, who often are many miles from the office. The farmer knows that he contributes to the sustaining of the postal establishment; and he is unable to account for the fact that his class of citizens have not shared in the great improvements in postal matters. For less expenditures the people of other countries have a postal service for the farmers infinitely superior to our own."

Mr. O'Donnell then quoted a lot of figures and expressed the firm conviction that rural delivery in time would become self-sustaining. He declared most emphatically that the spreading abroad of intelligence in farming communities by this means is above mere money value. He also gave some interesting historical facts regarding the postal service.

"Ahasuerus, King of Persia," he said, "is the first recorded monarch who sent letters into every province of his vast empire, informing his subjects that it was his imperial will that 'every man should bear rule in his own house.' This was B. C. 456. The king did this on account of being piqued at the queen—a questional beginning of a great system. The first recorded riding post was established in the Persian empire by Cyrus (B. C. 536). Travelers in China in the fourteenth century found the government post similar to that of Persia under Cyrus, and these Chinese posts had existed from the earliest times. Under the Roman empire posts were established for the government, but they were forbidden to carry private letters. Charlemagne planned a postal service for the German empire in 807, but the service did not survive him.

"The first postoffice in America was established in 1672, and New York was the office. In 1710 the postmaster general of Great Britain designated that office as the chief letter office of the country. Franklin, as postmaster general of the colonies, introduced many progressive ideas, but was removed by orders from England on account of his advanced service.

"The United States is far behind other countries in affording mail accommodations to dwellers in farming communities. England, Germany, France, China, Japan and India have long had this system. For a century the people of England have had this privilege. Mounted postmen a hundred years ago delivered mail to the farmers of England and were assisted by village messengers and the sons of the yeomen, who met the prompt postman."

Apparently the introduction of his bill in January and this speech on May 28 ended the activity of Mr. O'Donnell, at least so far as congressional records go. On June 1, 1892, Representative "Tom" Watson—the middle-of-the-road man from Georgia—offered an amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill diverting $100,000 from another appropriation for the purpose of establishing "experimental rural free delivery routes." Representative Leonidas F. Livingston, also of Georgia, who is still in congress, sought to have a similar amendment adopted, as did Representative Clarke, of Alabama and Delegate "Mark" Smith of Arizona, who likewise is still a member of the house. But points of order were made each time and, after long and spirited debates the chairman, Mr. Dockery, sustained every one of them.

On February 17, 1893, Mr. Watson renewed the attack, his several failures in the preceding session not having discouraged him utterly. This time, however, he had greatly reduced the amount desired for "experimental rural routes," and he asked for only $10,000. After a good deal of debate, during which an attempt was made to show that the then existing law covered the point, this amendment finally carried by a vote of 79 to 41. So to the famous Georgia Populist credit must be given for hav-

ing secured the first appropriation for rural free delivery. But it availed nothing for the time being. In the report of the postoffice committee on the appropriation bill for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1894, after referring to the item of $10,000 for the establishment of trial routes, the following statement is made:

"It has been found impossible by reason of the pressure of more important questions, for the officers having that matter in charge to give the subject the study and consideration it demands, much less to establish such rural delivery. * * * To inaugurate such a system it would require $20,000,000 at the least."

So it is very evident that somebody in the postoffice department was not very enthusiastic at that time over the proposition to deliver mail at the homes of the American farmers. An item of $10,000 was carried for several years before any active steps were taken, as has been pointed out in the able and extended article of Hon. P. V. DeGraw in the February 22d issue of The Woman's National Daily. It is a bit amusing to note that, while no "study or consideration" had been given the subject, somebody in the department was sure the inauguration of rural delivery "would cost at least $20,000,000!" As a matter of fact, the first experimental route, established October 1, 1896, cost very little and could have been established years before just as well as not. From October 1, 1896, to June 30, 1897, 83 routes were established and the cost of maintenance was $14,840. The idea has grown rapidly to its present gigantic size. From present indications, the prophecy of Representative O'Donnell that the service would become self-sustaining will not, however, be fulfilled for many years. Many persons believe this prophecy will be fulfilled ultimately —Mr. O'Donnell fixed no time limit.— The Woman's National Daily.

Currency Bill Now a Law.

Last Saturday the Senate passed the emergency currency bill and President Roosevelt, who was at the capital for the purpose promptly signed it, and the bill is now a law. Senator La Follette, the reform Republican of Wisconsin, endeavored to talk the bill to death, but failed to get sufficient help to accomplish his purpose. Senator Stone of Missouri, who is a candidate for reelection, and has hard fight before him, assisted La Follette, in a six and one-half hours speech. Mr. Gore, the blind Senator from Oklahoma, assisted in a three hours speech. Senator La Follette had spoken 18½ hours continuously, resting only during roll calls, which lasted six minutes each and of which there were altogether during his speech 38.

Prior to the beginning of the debate Senator La Follette canvassed the Democratic Senators with the view of getting them to help him argue the bill until the adjournment hour of Congress arrived, but the only help he found was Senator Gore. Later Senator Stone arrived and agreed to help him.

The bill passed the House last Wednesday. The Democrats contented themselves with voting against it, but made no effort to defeat it, which they probably could have done had they fought for delay.

The bill authorizes the formation of currency associations to be composed of not less than ten national banks, having an aggregate capital of not less than five million dollars. A bank belonging to one of these associations may apply for emergency currency from the government through the currency association to which it belongs. To secure this additional currency there must be deposited with the currency association "any securities, including commercial papers, held by a national bank association." The amount of currency is not to be more than 75 per cent. of the value of the securities or commercial paper, but upon the deposit of state, city, town or county bonds currency will be issued not to exceed 90 per cent. of the value of the bond.

For the use of this new currency the banks are to pay at the rate of 5 per

cent. per annum for the first month, and 1 per cent. per annum additional for each month until 10 per cent. per annum is reached, and then after that they shall pay 10 per cent. per annum until the currency is retired.

The new bank currency will read somewhat different from that now in circulation, but the present bank notes will be gradually changed so that all will read alike. They will read: "Secured by U. S. bonds, or other securities." They now read secured by U. S. Bonds. The bill provides that currency shall not be issued on commercial paper as security to an amount greater than 30 per cent. of the capital and surplus of the bank applying, but there is no such limit, where the banks deposit railroad or other bonds — Missouri World.

Bryan and Ryan.

While Mr. Bryan was calling upon our legislators to insure publicity of campaign funds in future elections his leading newspaper opponent, the New York World (Dem.), turned its searchlight upon the past in a disconcerting effort to show that Thomas F. Ryan contributed $20,000 in 1904 to help elect Mr. Bryan to the United States Senate from Nebraska, thereby securing his support of Judge Parker for the Presidency. Whatever the success or failure of The World's effort from a political point of view, it has at least supplied unpartizan observers with one more argument for compulsory publicity for campaign contributions.

From Mr. Bryan it has drawn a denial and a challenge. "If Mr. Ryan contributed to the Nebraska campaign it was without my knowledge or consent," he affirms in a statement issued from Lincoln last week; and he adds that if The World will prove that such a contribution was made, "I shall see that the amount is returned to Mr. Ryan." He further answers: "As to the charge that my support of Judge Parker was purchased, I need only to say that I announced my support of Judge Parker immediately after the St. Louis Convention, and that support was open and unqualified from the convention until the polls closed."

On the other hand, State Chairman Thomas S. Allen, Mr. Bryan's brother-in-law, admits that he received from New York, through Thomas Taggart, the National Democratic Chairman, the sum of $15,000, which he turned over to Mayor James C. Dahlman, of Omaha, who was Democratic National Committeeman for Nebraska. Mr. Dahlman remembers this money, and says he used it to help elect George W. Berge, of Lincoln, as Governor—a fact which is received with surprize by Mr. Berge. Both Allen and Dahlman state that they had no dealings with Ryan in the matter, and they both assert that Mr. Bryan had no knowledge of the contribution. These are the facts as they can be gathered from the Lincoln dispatches. It will be seen that between these admissions and these denials there remains a "twilight zone" in which mystery and surmise may linger. In view of the fact that Nebraska had at the time a law demanding publicity in regard to such contributions many papers are asking how it happens that in this case the facts were concealed not only from the public, but from Mr. Bryan himself.

Even if the $15,000 or $20,000 was not a personal contribution from Mr. Ryan, but came from the general fund, says the New York Evening Mail (Rep.), "as Ryan made up half of that fund the distinction may not be of such moment to others as it probably is to Bryan." On the other hand, the Brooklyn Citizen (Dem.) dismisses The World's story as "a mare's nest." Varying the figure, it characterizes this effort to discredit Mr. Bryan as the "dying gasp" of the anti-Bryan faction. It points out, moreover, that Mr. Roosevelt has made no offer to return to Mr. Harriman his famous $260,000 contribution to the Republican cause. Less indignant, but equally untroubled, is The Observer (Dem.), of Charlotte, N. C., which does not find The World's "rather strained inferences" at all convincing. It adds, however, by way of warning:

"The somewhat overcanny tho honest Nebraskan has himself largely to blame for such flings. It is to be hoped that he, a rich man and daily growing richer, will conduct himself with more financial propriety in the future than he has shown at times in the not distant past."

On the whole the topic has proved more inspiring to Mr. Bryan's critics than to his champions, and has afforded a specially fruitful text to the New York press. If the public is to derive any benefit from the incident, says The World, the sequel must be not restitution but publicity. The return of the money "would benefit nobody but Mr. Ryan, who does not need it." To quote further:

"If there had been a law in 1904 compelling publicity of campaign contributions Mr. Ryan would not have given this $20,000 to promote Mr. Bryan's Senatorial candidacy. Mr. Harriman, after a conference with the President, would not have raised $260,000 for the Roosevelt campaign fund. The two most distinguished men who have made a political specialty of denouncing 'malefactors of great wealth' could have carried on the work of denunciation in the assurance that they were under no obligations to the 'malefactors' whom they assailed.

"Of more immediate importance, however, than the 1904 campaign fund is the 1908 campaign fund, concerning which even unofficial publicity would be better than none at all.

"How much have Mr. Bryan and his supporters spent to obtain for him the Democratic nomination for President?

"How much have Secretary Taft's managers spent to obtain for him the Republican nomination for President?

"We do not insinuate that any of these expenditures have been illegitimate; but under the practise of demanding instructed delegations the American people have a right to know how much ready money a man must have back of him before he can confidently aspire to a Presidential nomination."

Turning to the less general aspects of the case, The World asks "why this sudden sensitiveness in regard to Mr. Ryan?" It goes on to say:

"Mr. Bryan allowed the silver-mine owners to contribute $288,000 to his campaign fund in 1896, and there could be no more sordid purpose than that which prompted those contributions.

"Mr. Bryan allowed William A. Clark, of Montana, to contribute to his campaign fund, and there has been no more notorious corruptionist in American politics.

"Mr. Bryan gladly accepted political assistance from Richard Croker, and there is no great mystery as to where Mr. Croker got it.

"A candidate who could be grateful to Clark and Croker need not be overly squeamish about Ryan."

The New York Times (Ind. Dem.) suggests that in the cases of both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan "past errors are best atoned for by stout resolves." We read:

"Mr. Roosevelt's position is the reverse of Mr. Bryan's. Refunding is impossible with him—the sum is too big—but his language about Mr. Harriman's undesirable citizenship and his incessant belaboring of the malefactors of great wealth show that quiet and acquiescence on his part are not to be secured by campaign contributions. It is a question for moralists whether a man who takes the money and then turns upon the giver and rends him is more deserving of the world's approval than he who keeps mum, but repays.

"In one respect Mr. Roosevelt has an immense advantage over Mr. Bryan. The enthusiasm for the President is so unquestioning that it condones, applauds even, what in another would be condemned. If Mr. Roosevelt should be detected in the act of secreting the Washington Monument in the White-House cellar, Oregon, Montana, Wisconsin, and probably Texas would unhesitatingly pronounce the deed the most exalted and inspiring achievement in American history; while if Mr. Bryan were caught playing baseball on Sunday his name would disappear from our day-to-day annals.

"These old scandals must be painful to those they touch and smirch, so painful and embarrassing that we should suppose there would be an understanding and pledge all around that prompt publicity of name and sum be made the condition of accepting campaign funds this year. That is the only course consistent with prudence and morality."

Says the New York Globe (Rep.):

"In the present campaign, if Bryan is again nominated, money will be spent in his interest. Tammany Hall alone will spend several hundred thousand dollars. Will Bryan be as discreetly and stubbornly ignorant concerning the sources of this money as he pretends he was in 1904 concerning money that went to Nebraska in his interest? As he sees the sign of flushness about his headquarters as he saw them in 1904, will he again scrupulously refrain from asking questions?"

The New York Press (Rep.) enlarges upon this idea and caps it with a challenge. Thus:

"If Mr. Bryan's political intimates concealed the Ryan gift from his knowledge in 1904, why may they not even now be taking money from Rockefeller and Harriman and even from Thomas F. Ryan without letting him know about it? There is only one way to guard against such a taint of the Bryan canvass, and that is for him to come out with a demand for complete publicity on the part of his campaign managers for all the contributions to his cause.

"If The Commoner will come out and tell who is authorized to receive gifts in his behalf, and promise that these gifts will be published and that no other contributions will be accepted by any one acting for him, he can protect himself from penury by reason of any obligation which he may feel to reimburse givers of tainted money."

Feeling that an act of injustice has been done Mr. Bryan by the way the incident has been presented in the press, Mr. William F. Sheehan, who was chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee in the Presidential campaign of 1904, has written a letter in which he states that "whatever money was sent to the State of Nebraska was taken from the general fund of the committee, which money was made up of voluntary contributions from many persons." He adds that "there was not the slightest suggestion at the time from anybody" that Mr. Bryan had any knowledge on the subject, or that knowledge of the transaction was to be brought home to him.

We clip the foregoing from The Literary Digest.

In reference to Mr. Sheehan's ambiguous reference to "the general campaign," it is not unfair to Mr. Bryan to remind our readers that he himself declared publicly and often that Ryan and Belmont were putting up the money for the Parker Campaign.—The Jeffersonian.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Thomson, Ga., June 12, 1908.

Mr. Chas. R. Jones,
The Temple,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

You will remember that I had some corespondence with you, Mr. Clarence Pitts, and other members of your party, in regard to certain articles that appeared in the Jeffersonian in favor of Prohibition. Among the articles was Mr. Watson's "Wine Cup," which first appeared in the Weekly Jeffersonian of March 12th, and was reprinted, by request, in the Jeffersonian Magazine for May, 1908. This "Wine Cup" has been copied and quoted by public lecturers, and was delivered from the pulpit of one of the largest churches in Atlanta.

It is impossible that such a terrible arraignment of liquor could be written by any man who did not feel, in deep sincerity and earnestness, the truth of every word that he wrote.

Now the charge is made, not truthfully, but for political purposes, that Mr. Watson helped to elect a man for Governor of Georgia, who was, in fact, a candidate of the liquor interests. This statement has appeared in the New York papers, and has been widely copied over the country. They say that the gubernatorial campaign in this state was a fight by the Prohibition party for its existence, and that the prohibitionists were defeated. One paper makes the assertion: "Over one million dollars were spent by the liquor men to defeat Governor Smith."

The cold facts are that Prohibition was never an issue in this campaign; that Governor Smith was the owner of a bar-room in Atlanta, and was an active supporter of the liquor interests in the state, until the people forced him to sign the bill which drove bar-rooms out of Georgia and deprived him of much of his revenue; and that prominent liquor men worked for him and were on his committees. Mr. Brown, who was elected, has been consistently against the liquor traffic all his life; and he gave full assurance to the people that their declaration in favor of Prohibition in Georgia would never be opposed by him. The Prohibition vote, to all appearances, was about evenly divided between the candidates, with a slight preponderance on the side of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Watson opposed Mr. Smith because he did not carry out the pledges that he made two years ago, and because Mr. Smith was the author of a ruling of the Executive Committee, which, if carried out, would have concentrated an overwhelming preponderance power in the four big cities of the state, which the railroads, the corporations and the Liquor Dealers' Association can always control with their money. It was really and truly a fight of the city against the country districts; and who can doubt, if the city, which is the stronghold of the liquor interests, had won, that the city party, which is Hoke Smith's, would have thrown its whole weight against the Prohibition movement, and would eventually have crushed it?

The true significance of the campaign in Georgia has either escaped the notice of the New York press, or they are wilfully using the event to destroy the possibility of concerted action by the Pop-

ulists and the Prohibitionists in the coming National election.

The Prohibition party was born in the country districts; it was raised in the pure air of the country. When it attained a fair growth, it came to the cities, and the cities received it not. The brewers and the liquor dealers and the corrupt politicians—their tools—have done their utmost to strangle it. The strongholds of its enemies are the rotten municipalities, which the forces of the country are assaulting and carrying, one by one.

The Populist party was born in the country—is country bred and country fed. It, too, came to the cities, and the cities and their ringmasters spat upon it. The corrupt politicians—tools of the railroads, and of the corporations, and of the brewers, and of the Liquor dealers—have stamped upon it and done their utmost to kill it. But the people of the country are long-lived and strong, and their forces are gathering around their enemies' camps, waiting for the bugle call.

Both parties are strong, and are growing stronger every day, in the West and the South and the great Middle West. And the cities of the East, which have ruled the country so many years, fear the union of the country parties. Their organs of publicity are told to use every means, fair and foul, to make such a union impossible. That is the secret of the false newspaper reports that the recent campaign in Georgia was fought on the prohibition issue, and that Mr. Watson helped to defeat the man who was on the prohibition side.

Mr. Watson's life and writings give the lie to such a report; and in justice to him, and to his paper and magazine, which wielded fearless influence for right and justice in the state campaign, and will wield a larger influence in the coming struggle of the country and the country parties against the corrupt dominance of the cities in national affairs, I ask that you will use this letter, as you see best, to offset the false reports that are now being circulated by the old political parties for their own lawless ends.

Yours respectfully,

Jas. Lanier,
Mgr. The Jeffersonians.

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